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[From the Chicago Daily Press, May 20, 1874.]

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[From the Chicago Evening Post.]

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[From a School Teacher.]

"I am a teacher, and take the paper for the benefit and amusement of my pupils. Eyes are brighter and laughter better informed when the *Young Folks' Rural* makes its appearance."

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SOCIALISTIC.

(From the *Galaxy*, for April, 1874.)

WOMEN AS WOMEN.

It is a conceit of Plato that with every soul is born an anti-type, hangs on their compatibility. The doctrine of the Perfectiots might approach realization round generation after generation, but it will not mate. The famous bull, What has posterity done for me? might be seriously answered, What have we ever done for posterity? Not only through ignorance of and indifference to Nature's laws, but by open defiance of them, we have done our best to worsen humanity. Nevertheless, so kind is Nature—never without restraint—that she steadily improves what we strive to impair. At the summit of creation are man and woman, the inheritors of time and its entire fruitfulness. Through them must future cycles be formed, and each individual, however feeble, must discharge his infinitesimal part. We are more of us mere automata, incapable of doing any appreciable amount of good; but we can refrain from a certain sum of evil. We should not retaliate for ourselves upon our offspring. If we be unhealthy in mind or body, ill-balanced, selfish, gloomy, positively and palpably deficient in any way, we need not fear that our imperfections shall not be redundantly represented in population. There are a dozen crippled minds to one sound understanding. The maimed are always starting for some prize in life, and are so ugly from jealousy to win it that they deside to reproduce incompetent planners for the course. We should negatively benefit our kind by refusing to augment its failures; or, if resolved on the risk of transgression, we should try to select as parents those who might reasonably amass our inadequacies.

The fact is otherwise. Those who should never have been in the world, so far as we can judge, are the most active in filling it. Man, like a weed, grows in proportion to his worthlessness. He fills space that could be better used; creates products of value by his rankness. He of whom Nature needs copies is slow to furnish them. Comprehending the full responsibility, the uncertain results of parenthood, he practices self-denial; yields offspring sparingly. The average man is headed of posterity. Selecting the most courageous woman—her who offers least resistance—he becomes practically an optimist, without knowing the meaning of his own act. His philosophy is condensed into "It is all right" though on his conduct wholeness might hinge. His children are born or die; struggle into wretchedness; slip into disgrace; have some good fortune with much ill. But whatever the warning, he takes it not. He seduces himself at the expense of his family. His members seem less to him than a matter of dollars and cents. He would give more immediate attention to his horses and cattle than to his own flesh and blood. Those should be seriously looked after; those, as respects him, can look after themselves. It is a phenomenon of our civilization that the product of marriage is more audaciously studied than the product of marriage. Husbands presumed to be immortal may not be harmed by neglect. Brutes that perish claim special consideration.

It is inexplicable that the gravest relation of life should be entered into with the least consideration. We treat matrimony as a joke, as it often proves; but it is a very ghastly one. As if present of its sadness, we make mirth over its beginning, lest we shall have no pretext for after-rejoicing. Would it not be wise to defer public observation of nuptials until they were ascertained to be something besides form? Music, flowers, display and revelry are unpleasantly remembered when they are pledges to distressing divorce, legal or spiritual, or to shallow mockeries of consternation. The advertisement of gladness should come after substantial cause thereto. They would be prudent who should hold weddings in strict privacy, and, ten years later, bid friends to a feast of demonstration. Then there could be no misgivings, no shadows crowding under the radiance, no suggested doubts between the bars of melody, as there were then to know that others have been fairly dealt with in the game of loves.

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It is not the custom to dance or jester at funerals, which are not half as sober of import as hymeneal rites. At the one, the end has been attained; regret, trouble, anxiety, suffering have spent their force; the rest is peace and silence. At the other, solicitude should be overflowing: the beginning is pregnant; dread responsibilities are slipping their meshes to hunt down doors. The bride feels this; the weight of assumption is upon her. Her hope is fringed with fear. She smiles bravely. Her breast is haunted with awe of the unknown. She wants the light, the sparkle, the gayety, for assurance against presentiments that refuse to be allayed. She knows herself happy; but it is an uneasy, tumultuous happiness, which can hardly recognize itself.

The skeleton at the nuptial feast is the sage who thinks, analyzes, compares, foresees. "May you be happy!" is all

he dares to say, and he says it in the tone of philosophical apoplexy. He has stood by other alters, and he remembers how early the fire, pronounced sacred, went out, and could not be rekindled. He has participated in wooden, tin, silver weddings, and he approves them, if they be genuine, as signals of success in dubious and dangerous enterprise. He may have ground for believing them false shows; though, if well designed, they serve to encourage the many who have failed, with the belief that from the present there is still redemption. The marking of progress is comforting. When we have fallen behind, it is stimulating to know others have advanced.

In the conjugal firm, man ordinarily supplies the capital, and woman is the active and responsible partner. Her interest is ten times his, and, ingeniously, her power is ten times less. She is the mother—and maternity is seven-eighths of parentage—without an equal right to her children, who are the father's almost by accident. Does the garden, owned in common, belong to the tiller, the fertilizer, who has put his life into it, or to the careless owner of the seed? Posterity looks to her. The fathers of the race may be inferior, if the mothers be worthy. Leaders, as a rule, resemble her who bore them. But the father, by his conduct, by neglect, suspicion, injustice, tyranny, may mar the mother and warp the children. He is disposed to domineer and oppress, to interfere with that which is no wise appertaining to him. In order to institute her not to meddle with his duties, of which he is ever complaining, he perpetually invades hers. The stream of his domesticity flows through his officiousness. He regulates by introducing disorder; exacts obedience, and incites dissent.

The woman's destiny lies in the hands of the man, every-
type hangs on their compatibility.

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Woman has finer apprehensions, more conscientious principles.

Maternity, with her, signifies devotion, absorption.

She will sacrifice herself instinctively for her children, but never her children to herself. Her love renders her wise. She would practice an enlightened economy; she would not voluntarily bear what could not be fully provided for. Usually, however, this is not within her option. She makes the best of what she can't help; becomes a sharer in impudence she is unable to shirk. She staffed her own, from her childhood, with fallacious lessons; that when she arrives at maturity she is afraid to hold opinions of her own. She can scarcely tell what she believes. The conflict between assertion and reason, conventionalism and intuition, has created chaos in her mind. After many inward struggles, she accepts what is laid down for her; also she would be popular—that is, judge for herself—and peculiarly in her sex is not denial. One of her first instructions is that she must be married—to what kind of man, and under what circumstances, it matters little. If he who first proposes for her hand be not attractive, she deviles. Later, she learns that to expect to live a man before he becomes a husband is the wildest romance. After marriage, affection, interest, sympathy follow. She is rash to wreck her prospects by refusal. If she waits much longer, she will be an old maid. There is nothing terrible in the words; and she confesses she thinks it better to be wed than to wed in cold blood. What a sorry human! Her rectitude is speedily set wrong. To be an old maid is to fly in the face of Providence, which must be a fearful thing, since nobody knows what it means.

Seeing that those about her do not hold her opinions, nor act as she wants to act, she takes the next man who offers himself, and she is settled—in the easiest sense—for life. The affection and sympathy that were so congenital rather than advance. Her heart aches; her eyes grow red with unhappiness. She is so lonely and wretched and can not tell it to. Maternity is prescribed as medicine for her grief, and not too early. There is comfort in the little stranger, who does not know, nor still has impulse fast as they run. It is her child. She wonders sometimes if he be really his. How frequently it is beguiled with tears! Other children come, but the father is no teacher. Their voice is scarce for absence; and absence would be kindness, were there no return. Children should be born of mutual love, the mother the kindest of indifference and anxiety, of indifference and sorrow—and she wishes, therefore, there had been but one. Her beauty and her youth are gone; her spring and spirit broken. She has no hope of winning without those what she could not win with them. Has she fulfilled, she is told, the Divine command—as if Divinity were direct cause of wretchedness; as if the greater the misery the nearer heaven. Unconscious of being that she is, she cannot help thinking she would better have kept her unlighted oil-burner; that humanity, on the whole, would have been the gainer.

Thus is woman's individual happiness subjected to generalization. What is good for her under certain conditions is affirmed to be good under all conditions. Undeniably, she is more contented, double than single; her life is longer, her future fuller. But she must be mated as well as matched. Her husband should not only begin, but should continue her love; should be her companion, out, above all, her friend. Such combination is rare; can hardly be expected through part of it should be demanded. If a husband may not be strong and tender, patient and chivalrous, he should, at least, not be coarse or stupid, softish or harsh. Every wife has a right to some of the negative virtues in exchange for positive excellencies. Obviously, men and women, in the bulk, are suited to one another, close to close, rank to rank. The will is in individual selection, and still more individual acceptance. The right man falls in the wrong woman, or the right woman takes the wrong man. This single, on jarring, as disengaged, that pair so distant, so incompatible, would be near brings with new partners. Had each husband chosen the wife of the other, all four would be mated. This man may be good, that woman may be admirable; but if not into the improper matrimonial phase, he is bad for his wife, and she obnoxious to her husband. Patience before possession, affection instead of passion, knowledge inspiring intimacy, sympathy above sense, are the preventives of inharmonious wedlock.

Harm results to woman, and through her in the race, not by marriage, but by her getting the wrong man for her—a man of the wrong class or kind. That she accepts injuriously is not at all surprising. Who tells her, "It is far better to stay single than to take a husband you do not love?" "Marriage is good or ill, according to selection?" "It is not unalloyed happiness at best, but it is absolute wretchedness at worst?" "It is often a blessing when it comes, it is often a curse if sought?" "Never look to it for material support; any kind of honest labor is preferable to such expectation?"

On the contrary, the falsehood is steadily reiterated, that "Marriage is the aim and end of woman's existence;" and this without qualification. She is forced to believe that it is woman's duty to be a wife, somehow or some time, unless she be a hopeless invalid or an incurable lunatic; that it is more desirable to be congenitally miserable than incidentally contented. She is taught, infatuated, at least, that she belongs in some mysterious manner to mankind; that she is the property of the generation; that she is a portion of the mass. First and essentially she belongs to herself. Her individuality is more than sovereign, it is sacred. She has an unconditional right to her own disposal. When she gives herself, she does not surrender the liberty of reversion. She is a child of honor, not less than a daughter of earth. If custom has made her a vessel of consecration, Nature has made her beholding an independent, self-responsible woman.

Every husband, from the character of the connection, is the keeper of his wife's happiness; and how many men are fit to hold a trust so precious? No man so unintelligent as not to be aware of the immense advantages—enriched by nature, habit, law and custom—he has over woman. He improves it morally to the utmost; its inevitable tendency is to render him a tyrant and an egotist. Knowing that woman through false education, in anxious to marry, he imposes hard and injurious conditions after marriage. Albeit entirely equal, he yields her a fraction of his rights, keeping the rest himself, and wants to be praised for his generosity. He even takes credit for the proper maintenance of his family, as if to a buyer of food and raiment gave him a claim to admiration. She accustomed is she to enfeebles and imposes that she is heavily anxious of subjection to them. More than half the time he fails to suspect his gross injustice to her, and when he does he imagines it necessary to discipline, or that woman enjoys a guilty degree of oppression. If she would rouse herself and think—so she has begun to do—of what is just in her desire, he would lower his crest. Nothing is so unkind for a man to remember; and her guilty evasions would transform him to cruelest manhood and highest basenesship. His quiet self-assertion, his subsequent plan for equity, within the domestic circle, would alter his view as much as his conduct. Ignorance of what he overreaches is the source of his unchallenged infeebilities. He is jester than he seems, and would reveal his jester if the mask were demonstrated. Moral culture is much required. If he could have a wife less as his victim, more as her, and have her only as he would be for other than himself. Woman has already begun to assume her own mind, to turn to her own voice; the gyres of usage are slipping from her form, which, as they slip, is resolved to banish baseness. To the custodian of a wife—stranger's happiness, particularly when the creature is a woman—is a serious responsibility. The custodian should give bounds to baseness, in the form of

devotion, generosity, gentleness, and to abuse his trust; and he will live long.

The world moves rapidly. We are applying new tests, elevating our standard. Quantity is less, and quality is more. We are developing the individual, and submerging the race. To have offspring is rising from obligation to privilege. We are spiritualizing the doctrines of Malthus. We are conceding to the intuitions of woman, invariably above and in advance of our lumbering reason. Advanced couple have fewer children than was their wont: they prefer fitness to numbers; they think that two or three vigorous, bright, cheerful, self-possessed, over-balance six or eight who are puny, dull, dejected, unsteady. Benevolence is commencing with maternity, philanthropy with propagation. *Parents are beginning to hold themselves accountable for their progeny, instead of thrusting their personality upon Providence.* All this is the slow though steady triumph of woman, the gradual furtherance of her cause. There is superabundant scope for continued progress; but that there has been so much is a cheering sign.

Not many men are adapted to maternity, while woman is innately motherly. With the silent tuition they are receiving from her, their suitability will enhance. Her mental and spiritual growth is helping them; by it she is transforming herself so as to create sympathy; they are learning to feel for and with her. She is unfolding herself in divers ways. They frequently fail to perceive it until love's apocalypse is written in a flash. They have abode with her in mood so unsuppreachable that, looking into her weary eyes, she sees the tenderness so long delayed and answers with the gaze of a goddess. It has been said that if maternity were interchangeable, there would be only three children to a family. The woman would bear the first, the man the second, the woman the third; the fourth would never be born. Many husbands need perturbant experience to enable them to compassionate their wives (it is a pity it cannot be compulsory); but there are others—the gods have thanked—who suffer what their wives suffer; who in strength are all man, and in tenderness half women. Even the stolid and insensible will come round to the light in this or another generation. The deities of the household are kindling so many fires on the hilltop, that the reflection must extend to the lowest valley. The sexes are gradually growing into one another, each partaking of what is best in both; but woman is affecting and moulding man more than he is her; for she is the true priestess of progress, the apostle of civilization.

A vast deal is said in these days of the inferiority, equality and superiority of woman. She is inferior, equal and superior to man, as he is inferior, equal and superior to her. Their equality in the plan of creation, in the scale of humanity, in the affaires of life, in any scheme of the future, is an essential and inevitable postulate. They cannot wholly be considered apart; for they are always together—alternate links in the chain of creation, different phases of rationality. He presupposes and comprehends her as she does him. They belong to one another as flesh and blood, nerves and brain. They are reciprocally creators both physically and spiritually. What affects him affects her. When he wrongs her, he betrays himself. She is ne'er and never as Nature then: *She is a sort of stepmother to man, and any injustice to her is entailed upon the race.* They cannot be enemies; irrepressible instinct mutually attracts them. They only chuse to close; quarrel to show the classes of recompensation. Though the sun discloses them bitter as wormwood, the moon shall detect them sweet as honey. The countless wrongs done to her sex, by him she divinely forgives and fondly forgets. He has only to make amends. The barbarism in him is hard to quench; but he is gradually quenching it with the aid of his sister of civilization. Each generation makes them better friends. Earthquakes cannot drive them asunder. Their adherence is superior to convolution; the estate of continuity is mortgaged to the universe. He or she (she is seldom guilty of such folly) who pretends to hate the other sex is invariably a disappointed lover, striving to hide the desire to be loved in return. Misanthrope if masculine, misogynist is a contradiction.

The holiest not less than the greatest men have shown their best inspirations and noblest acts to women. Any attempt to leave her out inauguates chancery. The most constant and devoted companions of Jesus were women, especially Joanna, Salome, Mary Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. They comforted him in his sorrows; clung to him in the darkest hours; were his true disciples. No swerving in them; no subjection to fear. When the apostles fled, they stood firm. They were earliest at the cross and latest at the tomb. But the apostles preached the gospel and told the story of the Prince of Peace. Even in that remote age the women silently endured, the men faltered and abdicated themselves. Some of the best of these were rejectors and betrayers; but not a woman was perfidious; not a woman denied her Master.

The canonized sons of the Roman church have been as morbid, as inhuman, in ecclesiastical zeal, that they, if any one, would ignore woman in their life and plans. But they have not, nor has their creed. The bodies of the church have always been prolific of penitentes. Rome, if ignited, is supremely fierce. She invites all women to her arms; impregnates them with theological enthusiasm, and consigns a few to the cloister and sterility.

Chrysostom gained sustenance and strength from Olympia, who, a wealthy and beautiful widow (there is no use of being a saint without beauty), was wrought upon by his oratory to retire from the world. She renounced everything for the church, exemplified by him, and expressed her worship by noble acts of charity. Forced into exile, she would if permitted, have followed him to the world's end; in the midst of a desert, would have perished joyously clinging to his feet. His golden mouth would have been guides to her had it been voiceless at the grave; for the man more than the Master had captivated her. Long before martyrs had dreamed of it, her love had canonized Chrysostom. She had made him the deity of her heart.

Jerome was similarly influenced by Paula, and she by him,

the descendant of the Sopios and the Gracchi, who exchanged souls with him while he was her ghostly father—properly her spiritual husband. She built monasteries and prayed and wept, petitioning Heaven to explain, perhaps, her ceaseless conflict between love and its suppression. His letter to her daughter after her death is panegyric's paragon. Doubtless sincere, it is a mixed rhapsody of affection for the woman and veneration for the church. It is the misdirected passion of a monk half smothered in the superstition of his creed.

Never was there a pure or more unnatural man than Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan friars. One of those mysterious voices with which hagiography is penetrated called him to the service of his faith. Surrendering his inheritance, emptying his purse, giving away his clothes to the poor, he became an ascetic monk-monasterian, an extreme fanatic. He begged in the streets for money to repair churches and monasteries; he haunted hospitals, nursed patients, consoled with ointments that he might convert them. His pride was in his humility. He washed the feet of mendicants, and kissed the noses of leathern lepers. The stern Spartan was a Sybarite to him; bathing aches with his scanty crusts; bathing in snow to extingush natural desire; weeping so freely that he would have become blind but for painful scarring of his face. Year after year he went from good-to-better-worse. Zeal rose to rapture; piety to mysticism. His distorted religion killed him at last. His was a slow but deliberate suicide.

Who would think a theological madman like him would or could recognize sex? Even he had his attraction—mannish it seemed to him—to a lovely and splendid woman, whom his fanaticism had fascinated. Clara gave up rank, fortune, noble status, every secular delight, to be his disciple, his immaterial daughter, his unwavering friend. His plaintive eloquence, his sonorous oratory drew her all to him, and to the profane career he had espoused. When he received her as she fled from her ancestral home, sheared the golden glory of her hair, covered her rich garments with his coarse habit, and led her to the altar, did not even he regret for a moment the world he had abjured? Did he not inwardly wish it had been a nuptial altar? Did he not secretly kiss the yellow tresses he had retained? Did he not long to strain, though but for the fraction of a minute, that fresh and beautiful girl to his arid and starving heart? Emulating him, she established the order of Franciscan nuns, and vied with her beloved master in self-abnegation, enthusiastic observances, and offices of benevolence. Long after when Francis' corpse was carried by the convent where Clara dwelt, she begged the privilege of kissing the hands and garments of the dead, and with streaming eyes and throbbing breast prayed for the repose of his soul. The fire of her life went out with him. She still followed her lowly round of noble acts; but she had parted with herself. Consequently she besought heaven to take her home—heaven was twice heaven since he was there; her orisons were answered in mercy and she waited, as she believed, directly to God, with "Francis" as her celestial password.

Frances de Chantal was another of the saintly spirits who, mistaking the divine for the human, dominated themselves thereto. Her husband having been killed while hunting, she vowed, though still young and extremely handsome, never to marry again. A new drift was given to her life. She fixed her pleasure in providing for the sick and poor; at the same time educating her children with the greatest care. Little more than thirty, she became acquainted with Francis of Sales, and placed herself under his guidance. Having been informed of his project to establish the Visitation, she concurred in it so eagerly that she first instituted the order at Annonay, and before her death had founded seven-and-thirty of those religious houses. Frances and Francis—the likeness of their names was mirrored in their nature—were complete correspondents. Their biography is as romantic as the tales of fable. They are asserted to have met in visions before they had met corporally; their whole career, so intimately associated, is a series of temptations, struggles and self-conquests, the last accomplished by their burning devotion to their creed. This eventually subordinated passion, but only at the expense of moral sanity. She was Hebe beneath the snow, as so many fine, highly-disciplined women are—a take of flame in a cist of ice. Her letters blazed with intensity, thrush with disappointment; but the intensity and disappointment are governed by the front of connoisseurship. They are more than instructive, they are illuminating. He who would learn of the contest of fire and frost in a woman's breast—the fire all the forces for the frost in the air—and of the final triumph of the frost, should read the written words of Frances de Chantal. His self-chastisement had been severe, as may be seen in his "Devout Life;" still, his correspondence with her evinced the ardor of his temperament, the fierce needs of his nature. He thought of her as the Eucharist; she was the miracle that changed in blood the sacramental wine. She was to him, though unspoken, the incarnation of the Virgin; she was in idea everything that woman can be to man. He carried her in his soul. She beamed through every moment of the day; she was the companion of his existences. He called her fellow-worker, sister, daughter, saint; while every fiber of his being must have told such she should have been his wife.

Such examples of cloistered women prove that love, however hidden or disguised, is the pole-star of every woman's heaven. From the cradle to the grave the line of affection is unbroken. It begins with the mother and the child, and ends with man or God (these are easily convertible to her); often the God in man, or the man in God. She instinctively and involuntarily idealizes, and from her idealization accords her worship. Supremely personal, she wants person; if it be lacking, she creates it. Eucharists help her to do this, hence the delights in embodiment. She hates abstractions; they are meaningless to her. The concrete is the food of her heart; she would not suffer a spark of sentiment for a field of science. A slight snare is sharper than a principle of devotion. She is a poet and an artist from her passion for beauty; and her joy is form. Measure, mode, grace, color, per-

fection, sounds, stir and intoxicate her. She is seemingly sensual, and yet profoundly spiritual. Full of outward inconsistencies, she has yet inner harmonies to which man is, in a double sense, a stranger. Her heart and conscience are such neighbors that the troubles of one distract the peace of the other. Her friendship, reverence, worship, consecration, sacrifice, spring from the same source. Countess Matilda, of Tuscany, Mary Ursula, Sophie Swetebine, Bettina Breidenbach, the Princess de Lamballe were all sisters, moved by a variation of love. Religiousness becomes such because disengaged, bereaved, or longing for a love they fancy earth cannot yield. They either incarnate Divinity, or, like Clara and Paula, divinize humanity. If women considered God impersonal, after the manner of philosophers and scientists, they could not cleave to theology; their creed, but not their faith, would be destroyed. With their mortal eyes they see Jesus gentle, sad, beautiful, benignant, as Mary and Martha saw him, wandering and preaching in Judea, and are won to Christianity by his essentially feminine character, by his reflection of their ideals, by his extreme goodness to women. For what they believe of him they accept any dogma they are bred to; remember the spirit of Love, and forget the tenets. There is no fundamental difference in cultured women's faith whatever their sect. Roman, Mohammedan, Greek, Protestant, Hebrew, they adhere to the spirit, and grieve over the doctrine easily and gracefully. It is said that Catholic women instinctively, intuitively, have Jesus in their prayerful thought more than the Virgin, while the men of the church appeal to Mary, which is at least natural, since affinity for sex is the principle of creation. Divinity generally succeeds in the feminine mind, or is a substitute for it. Scarcely any woman can contain more than one strong, engrossing affection at one time, unless it be the maternal and sexual; and that is prone to interfere with, if not to modify this. When spontaneity is in the return, the distillation is sexual love. It has been a complaint of theologians that an exalted woman neglects her angelic duties. A clever abbe has affirmed that he could tell when his sister had quarreled with her lover, by her ravenous interest in the mass. She was in attendance every morning during the estrangements; but when she had made her peace with her paramour, she stayed away altogether. He has further remarked that any woman under the raves of a man grows heedless of the goodness of the Lord. *Lametta Lohs* explains the trespass by saying that Man is here, while God is so very far away.

Go where you may, in or out of civilization, you will always find that love in some form or other, secret or avowed, is the impulse and incentive of woman. *Herein conjoin the spouse in the wigwam, the queen on the throne, the nun in the cloister, the radical on the platform, the fine lady in the drawing-room, the peasant in the hovel, the pariah of the street.*

The dullest or commonest man seems conscious of woman's susceptibility to amatory madness which shall become, in an ideal state, the sweetest sanity. Affectionateness is her strong-weak side, and is unremittingly attacks it. She has a haunting apprehension that in some great prevailing love, threatening her mood and brain, her nerves and heart, at her safety and her peace. But she can never anticipate it, or measure its force. It may not come. To many it does not; to others it comes too late; who can agonizing repression or broken vows—tragedies without end, sometimes without cause. Voluntarily she would wait, vaguely feeling the danger of mistakes. But there are no irrational reasons for assuming to be fond. Marriage urged on one hand, proposed on the other—and the price of it the slightest show of preference, or a despondent "You." Comparatively few wives who are not disappointed. Still, they are wives—yes, the wifeliest of wives. No matter. It is a turn of the wheel, a plague in the dark. The wheel breaks; the dark holds unquieted charms. After all, it might be worse; and yet, at dream forever find! it might be an infinitely better.

The man announces his love, believing the announcement enough to insure reciprocity. The woman tries to think she bears a faint echo in her own heart. She cannot catch it. The original sound is repeated; it is sweetest than before and grows sweeter each time she turns it over in her mind. "I love you!" in every language, to any woman's ear, is ravishing music. The phrase meant妻子—bears resemblance to the last. The three monosyllables contain inexhaustible variety to exciting consciousness; they are the quintessence of Beethoven's symphonies. She is liable to mistake the meaning for the thing longed for. Still, she cannot disown the inward response. Happily, it is there, and she incapable of understanding it. But she is loved. Of that she is assured; and love, she has heard, begets love. She cannot be indifferent. The hour of her fate may be on the point of striking; the yield from toil and tribulation, against her intuition; her mould is taken, her future twisted.

Woman does not comprehend, in her innocence, that often the love man professes is libidinous; that what excites her releases him; that dedication with her is in his indulgence. His experience frequently fails to teach her. Each new turn of love is likely to be hailed as the token of his professed. In spite of warning, she refuses to distrust fair words and fond promises. All men, she thinks, cannot be false and treacherous. Oh, no! but as many of them, from vicious training, are without principle respecting women. If the epic of all who have been unfortunate were written, the argument would be: "He swore that he loved me, and I was as foolish as to believe him. I suppose, too, I should believe him again. Perhaps he meant better than he did."

It is melancholy as amusing that nearly any inflamed man can conjure woman's heart with "I love you!" until it is open like the rose, exhaling its earliest fragrance and its last perfume. As love is the fountain of her highest and only permanent happiness, it is, immediately or meditatively, the source of her woes. Happily, as it opens, her bosom grows tight; her glads are floating while her heart stands at her side. Leaning on the god, her strength returns and she dissipates the haze beyond the gloom. To love and be loved is the answer to her questioning of fate; it is her blood that

ised, her problem solved. With such possession her lasting discontent is simply impossible.

Man's satisfaction—if he ever attain it—comes through many channels and goes through more. He wants wealth, power, fame, position, outward worship, toward tranquility. Having these, he knows after distinction in new fields—seems what he has and values the unguessed. *Love* is sweet, precious—to his vanity—but no great amount is enough. All the love of nature womanhood would barely content him; he would be found impatiently waiting for, fondly expecting of the rising generation. Sometimes he discovers the woman whom his fidelity is based. She is sweet, however. There are but a few of her, and so many are in quest of her, that she is not equal to the desired distribution. The class of man who can fill and hold women is twenty times as large as the class of women that can fill and hold men. Woman is satisfied with little if she can have it long; man is resigned to much if he can have it short.

Life goes ill with women in the main. Nevertheless, her original stock of hope, elasticity and cheerfulness is so greatly in excess of ours, that *in the third, fourth and fifth acts* of the tragic-comedy, here is the simpler comedy. Nature, who allotted her the larger share of suffering, in mercy granted her superior endurance. It is particularly hard that she should be beaten in her youth by the hunger of the heart, and persecuted through life by the hunger of the senses. As respects her, *as in as we* wisdom as her fall, and none so humanly punished. On him who betrays her through her deepest trust and boldest feeling, the world yet refrains from placing the responsibility. So foul an injustice cannot withstand much longer the advancing wave of progress.

Woman is continually accused of severe judgment than man has for the exquisitely-contrived frailty of her sisters. It would be innocent, indeed, if to whom kind were guilty of the wrong should be the tender in denunciation of the betrayed. Woman's hardness springs from a sense of self protection. She regards her sister's hap as a possible temptation upon herself, and her indignation, always over-stated, is an impulsive effort to avert suspicion. The vestal law was not of her making, nor has any outgrowth of it relieved her anxiety. The enactments and limitations against violation of chastity come from man, as is evident from his assumed imperceptibility in a matter in which he must always be the chief sinner. The gentle Nazarene has given his judgment on this subject, and the justice and beauty of his teaching render it immortal. It is curious how Hebrew savagery, Roman toriarity and monkish superstition have perpetrated an iniquity, and influenced the nineteenth century to their indorsement. Woman knows how man selfishly prizes in her what he is perpetually striving to rob her of, and feels bound to denounce his virtue that she should appear by shabby, or even sly, to lay the facts where it belongs.

This is the entire cause of her spoken attorney; and only upon ordinary women can it be honestly charged. Those who are strong and broad, fine and pure, have no gloom to hurt at the fallen or betrayed. They are the first to shield and the last to condemn. Their loyalty to the weak is usually in exact proportion to their power of resistance. They who are themselves above suspicion seldom suspect or are ungenerous to others. We are fond of saying that which we feel ourselves likeliest to commit. Men of the world say that women of infirm reputation have least measure to their wrath against members of their sex in the same category who have been incontestably exposed. Cynical levity is always a bad sign. The feminine minister of character is apt to be thought indifferent to her own garrulity for the abundant evil she handles so freely and malignantly.

Nature seems cruel to woman in more ways than one; quite overbalancing her kindness of another sort. If the sharper the thorn, the brighter the crown, she must be some times superfully disarmed. Why should she, after falling a prey to a dissolute lover, be tormented in her misfortune, all the responsibility and result resting on her injured heart? That is one of the many problems of destiny which must be resolved for a clearer future. Let us presume it is for the best. The indictment is powerful to any one not a pessimist, because it now appears decided for the worst. One thing is plain everywhere—Nature's provision and provision for reparation. In her determination to insure the race, she is careless of the suffering or sacrifice of individuals. Our (man's) feeling is for the individual, especially the Ego, with relative indifference to the race. Perhaps, in some of the world to come, by way of compensation, women will be the race and we the individuals. Then we shall find how we like it. Now, in such case, we shall fill the new sphere with漫游 and hubbub, and protest against the decrees of the gods in another Titanic rebellion!

Could woman get rid of affection and maternity, as we should desire to under her conditions and limitations, she would be emancipated from the greater part of her trials and sorrows. But close with those would go likewise her consolations and her joys, she would prefer to keep the bitter with the sweet. She has graceful resignation, notwithstanding her refined sensibilities, her fondness for luxury, to half-shalt shirts, lousy vigils, purifications of the flesh and tortures of the spirit. We are not, in these self-indulgent days, of the martyr breed or servile school; and we marvel she should be. We desire it is because she is not logical. It is always safe, having no other fault to find, to ensure her for lack of logic; and we are ready to admit, besides, that a woman under provocation, may do anything. Oh, yes; she will even here us; though perfect self-knowledge and candor might compel us to confess the provocation extremely slight.

It were better for woman, in present being, if love were less to her; but, ultimately, she who has held love highest and firmest, must be the richest reaper. To lose faith in love is to despair of humanity, to distrust the universe. Whatever there be of immortality must spring from love, which is creative, and hence continuous. Happy, woman's vision is clearer than our own. While we draw chords and measure men, she may have taken the circle in. The logic which we insist she so fully needs may be superfluous. In very short,

since attests her intuition; denotes the superiority of spiritual wings over material feet. That she as engirders and wings to love, through fortune fair or foul, is testimony of its final excellence for her. Love flows through her in a thousand channels, each stream reflecting the sky under which it glides and glints. That which she perceives she rarely meets with here; but when she does, she breathes though in a desert, the amaranth of Paradise. (However, in its stead, affections come, which, less exalted and distracting, more fairly fit the mediæval mood. These are expressed in kinship, friendship, maternity, acts of benevolence, offices of gentleness, worship of the unknown, civilization of the good, appreciation of the beautiful, or, all vice doted, in the enjoyment of others.)

The writhed hoggar, old and outcast, will forget her ugliness, her rage, the biting blint, her hunger and her hopelessness, in watching from the frozen street, by the window's flashing light, the pure and happy bride who meets to the heart she can truly call her own. The poor vagrant is a woman still; all her misery has not quenched the lustre of her sex. She beholds herself, her possible self, in the fair bride who seems native to another sphere, and is drawn to her by the yearning for beauty that no suffering nor degradation can entirely destroy. She drinks in the sense until she is for the moment purified; and when the rude policeman drives her away with an oath, she lets her hands to the howling night and says, "God bless her!"

The night-harrower, even going beyond present cause, never dies in the feminine breast. Woman, losing the love that is her birthright, accepts the poorest substitute with resignation; and yet believes against reason and analogy, believes, too, in her inmost soul, that what time has deprived her of, eternity shall certainly restore.

JURUS HENRI BROWNE.

PROSTITUTION—ITS NATURE AND CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1874.

Prostitution of the sexual functions is incontestably the legitimate offspring of our present Christian system of an indecent monogamous marriage. When monogamy, as a sexual system, is more scientifically considered, and more fully developed upon that basis, with the divine principles of wisdom and love qualifying the structure of human development, then and not until then will sexual prostitution in all its forms be diminished and finally cease to exist. Under the present existing social conditions, built up under a false idea of religion, prostitution is demanded as a necessity of the times by both sexes, and this lecherous demand will be naturally supplied so long as the present unbalanced condition of the social nature in man exists. Man, in his proud and imperious estate, manifests his sexual wants and dictates the terms of gratification, when in and beyond numbers of the opposite sex arise to gratify his actual desire, perverted sensuality by the decree of the priesthood.

Moral reformers! Anti-prostitutionists! If you desire to arrest the progress of sexual prostitution, slacken the wild and inharmonious intellectual development of man as it now exists—mainly the result of unversed underdeveloped monogamous relations, founded on a strict, unyielding and inflexible basis—and institute a system of education, wherein the spiritual or affectual nature of the sexes will be harmoniously developed side by side and degree by degree with the intellectual faculties of the soul. Nature demands this symmetrical unfolding of the human soul, and disaster will follow its non-observance, resulting in an increased strength, vigor and growth of the gigantic system of prostitution concomitant with the manifestation of a strictly observed Christianized marriage system.

It is a natural condition of the unbalanced crevices powers of society, and can only be remedied by a radical change of the social and consequent sexual relations now existing, nurtured and controlled by the church, a power which is and always has been inclined to a practical realization of human progress.

The religion of humanity—the god-given religion of progression and freedom—the best and most soul-satisfying religion system extant, had its birth, as every one knows outside of the church, and has nobly and fearlessly battled against the errors, superstitions and hypocrisies engendered by the priestly influences through the past ages, until by his repeated struggles it has attained its present strength and power, even to the undermining of the existing state of Christianity and its basely created, the modern anti-protecting marriage system. When it becomes more fully established, then will the inharmonious customs of society disappear, and the beautiful light of science be discernible in the constitution and regulation of the people in all their political, social, sexual and religious relations.

The power of expansion dwells in the spontaneity of our natures, and when restrained and crippled, our growth is arrested and the fitness of things destroyed, leading to a state of anarchy, revolution and final reconstruction—to the rule of God, let it be said. The power of contraction, on the other hand, is the force of selfishness permeating our natures and dwarfing our spirituality. Eternally man must expand; otherwise he becomes a burden and a drag to the development of his race. Give man and woman entire freedom in the sense that individual sovereignty or the freedom of each individual terminates where the freedom of all other individuals commences, and the germs of progress implanted within every soul will germinate, grow, and in time produce fruits that will bless humanity. Limiting the fractional activities of individuals in whatever direction you please, and you will inevitably in time make monstrosities of them; for nature tends to her maximization, and any effort to thwart her action produces a condition of discord and consequently an unbalanced development, the bane of a progressive society.

No human law can eradicate the natural system of prostitution, as it is termed—though a child of the so-called divine institution of marriage—for it is in accord with the divine laws of nature, and was not created by any human enactment; neither can it be subjugated in the shades of oblivion, except through the processes of nature, which alone are pow-

erful for purification. The tone of society must be changed, and instead of condemnation being the absorbing and ruling passion of the anti-prostitution party—only in name, however, for they are really the only defenders and supporters—the spirit of benevolence and charity should rule through the love element all the actions of its constituent members. The power to destroy resides alone in the course to crime, hence the fruitless attempts of self-righteous men to destroy the idol raised up for them to worship by the undeveloped and unrefined conditions of society. True laws, untrammelled by law, will eradicate all the imperfections of our nature and promote the growth of the all good and divine principles within us.

DAVID S. CAMPBELL.

—DRIPPED DEAD.

All mortal strength in life, will life end,
Will bear themselves with royalty. Degrees
Of age, if they knew not, the mighty few
They will not stand; we may still see them lead
To death. These forty-one who cometh on board
That fall and cling to choices of lost men;
Death comes. But, as kings to kings may send,
He challenges the young.

Such depth as this
Overlike great tree; a human tree will ashes
Such strike, may always peacefully sleep,
And fade, and simply come to nothing, some day
But great loves, to the last, bear painless end,
All great loves that have ever died sleepless dead.

—WEARY OF LIFE.

Such is the heading of an article in the Chicago Post of a recent date, which relates the sad record of the end ending of the life of a young girl, who was seduced, whose affections were trifled with, the male wrangler despising her with repeated promises of marriage. She was not the only one he has ruined; others there are whose hopes have been blighted and blasted, who have become parvus, while he has retained his respectability and walked undaunted through the streets of Chicago, as though he was not a moral leper. He held a responsible position, being ticket agent at Chicago for one of the principal railroads.

The young girl, who did not dare to face a frowning world, but created society out of its trivial and deviousness, had come before a ministerial altercation through his officiation, and not to avert that dark and terrible doom she knew society would heartily pronounced on her and his offspring. He kept up his relations to the girl all the time, holding out the lure of marriage, in the end disowning his often-repeated promises he had made. Then the hoary truth flashed up that she must be seduced, and hopeless walk life's arena under a shadow. She dared the "dread unknown," and by poison, in the fancy of her soul, went to the angels where she will receive the judgment desired by her. A event like such provoked by reason of man's heartlessness?

Ah, the helplessness of this rotten compound of religion and wossage. The church association, and society pour out vents of wrath on the female who says "no" to its command, but leaves the real culprit, the man, alone, if it does not addle and take him. Whence comes such rank injustice? Why this partiality? Why this crucifixion of the woman, this annihilating the man? The essential root of the whole matter is in that wicked subordination of woman which is recorded to transpire as the fiat of the Almighty, runs all through the Jewish scriptures and has been interpolated in the so-called Christian system. Here is the cause of that terrible shadow which rests on the path of man, and is the cause of the longevity which runs through our lives and stages, and threatens永远ly punishment. It has a religious base, and that religion which stands on such an unmitigated wrong must be overthrown. That church which practices the subordination of woman and makes possible the extinction of her soul to blot out out of existence; not by force, but by the use of pride, greed and tongue, which taught her to sin and never penitence, and introduce a new gospel according to the needs of the age. While the atheist comes and makes back sinners an incentive an error that the woman is the inferior of man, a minister to his lust, will the spirit of love, native to the minister to his lust, we shall continue to have such tragedies, just such men as this young Harrington to poll the youth and beauty of the land. Those sins and many other rank injustices are possible, because they are the logical outgrowth of the Bible and theology. The more I read, the more I study the more I comprehend more in the manifold possibilities and religions, the more clearly do I see the necessity of tearing away from the Bible and the church the antitype and antecedents which have hitherto wrapped around them. The blindness of the disorders of society must be radical; we must go down to first principles and there make corrections to rear the new edifice of freedom, political, religious and social. Nothing can be too radical, so far as justice and equity are attained, and man and woman stand firm in the antecedents in each individual of the race. The world must be up with humanity and done with everything which stands in the way of progress.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

THE LOVE AND ITS AUNT SEEDS.

NO. 1.

HENRY JAMES.

Editor of the Weekly.

I propose to confine myself to some observations upon some of the causes of sexual freedom. Now, I do not propose to notice at any length those who make the *R. P. Journal* their model, for the time—of course, as a rule, need a great deal of corrupting before they can ascend to a comprehension of the subject upon which they are expounding an mock bittersweet of spirit and so many foul epithets.

The soul in whom the pride of the passions has been culled, refined and ripened into a state of pure innocence,

or one who is born to such an inheritance, does not cherish prodane thoughts or imaginations, nor deal in gross or obscene epithets, nor is he ever on the watch, in the hope, desire or expectancy of discovering sin, profanity, licentiousness or any evil whatever in another. Both the grossly sensual and sensual, and the spiritually cultured and refined, meet one and contemplate all things through the medium of their own particular states of passion; and if the medium be foul with unholiness or only with crudity, how can the see or see anything clear in the object? Even the purest snow seen through dirty glass wears a dirty aspect.

Hence, when those who go over conventional boundaries to the pursuit of a humdrum, pure, free and high life are charged with being "lineolous," "seeking the gratification of their fleshly appetites," "prostitutes," "loups" and the like, I know the kind of fortress from whence these missiles are hurled. And whosoever hurl them does thereby make proclamation of his own uncleanliness.

So I let them pass with the remark, that while striking outwardly at Mrs. Woodhull or some one else, these all are fighting the devil of lust and sensualism in their own souls; and at present they cannot understand and so are unfit for any other criticism than what comes of their own self-scrutinies.

But there are others who have deeper insight; being unfolded to that state where they "see men as trees walking," and have some strong glimmerings of truth in this subject, and one of the most noteworthy among these is Henry James, who has appeared in the character of censor among the doctrines of free-love in several late numbers of the *WEEKLY*.

In the number for April 18 he speaks of marriage as "the divinest boon imaginable to our race." And then again he says: "The end of marriage as a civil institution is the family. But the family is now blocking the way of society, which is God's family." So he would have us ease off a little "by greater freedom of divorce."

If I should say the landscape with all the varied objects of nature and art is a divine bower, would not some one have the kindness to tell me, that the gift of sight whereby I am enabled to see and enjoy all these things is a gift? But given the eyes and all the objects, suppose some one should propose to bandage everybody's eyes in such a way that they could see only one object, on the plea that we abuse our sight and it may become a source of danger to the public welfare; and it is done, and even worse; everybody's eyes are shot fast up, and none are allowed to see at all lawfully, except such as wear the bandages, and they look at the one object through the small hole until their eyes ache; while some refuse to have their eyes closed or even to wear bandages, and they are sinners, profligates, etc.

And some, believing that the full use of the eyes is the essential to their right use, and on the whole it will be the best thing all round, propose to remove the bandages altogether. "No!" says Mr. James; you can see now all that you ought to see through an opening made on purpose; the bandage "is a discipline and a chastening to your sight, and is the divinest boon imaginable." "It is true, the bandage blocks the way to your seeing, comprehending and enjoying God's universe—his family; and so I am in favor of greater freedom to take it off, only on condition that you wear it all the time."

The illustration, I grant is no way up to the reality, nevertheless it helps. But really marriage is not the divinest bower, even if it be any bower at all more than relatively. The divinest bower to our race is the social affections, which have their root in sex, by which we are so bountifully and beautifully adapted to the highest and holiest enjoyment of society, which is as Mr. James truly says, God's family. Now, marriage he also tells us, "is blocking the way of this family." How then can it be such a divine bower?

The social affections, which find their highest expressions through the ministry of sex are the natural endowments; the gifts of God to our race which draw us instinctively into fellowship and communion one with another. And Emerson truly says: "The universe is the bride of the soul; all private sympathy is partial. Two human beings are like globes, which can touch only in a point, and while they remain in contact, all other points of each of the spheres are latent; they turn most also come; and the longer a particular union lasts the more energy of sympathy the parts not in union acquire," and this describes marriage exactly.

This statement rests upon this broad ground, that as each soul has an infinite kinship and relation with all souls, so they seek for sympathy, and can find no permanent rest, but in fellowship and communion with all in the deepest, most interior and sacred forms of expression involved in the relation of "bride."

Now, these affections include not only the eyes, but the ears, and all the sense of the soul. And these are all hampered by marriage in such a way that all their native currents are barred and obstructed. And there come eddies, whirlpools, eddies, and floods in consequence. And all these come naturally enough.

Two globes, by the law of marriage, are kept in constant contact at only one point. And the longer a particular union lasts, the more hungry the parts not in union become. Now, what is wanted in that we shall become so inspired in a true society that the whole of each soul may feel the contact, sympathy and support of its fellow at every point. And this, and nothing more and nothing less, is the aim of all free-lovers who are worthy of that name. Now, to this state of things marriage is truly blocking the way; and in order that "God's family" may move on, marriage must get out of the way. And this is precisely the ground assumed by Mr. James, only he would have the two antagonists dwell together in peace somewhere, of which he knows not.

I hardly know to what extent I have a right to extract this letter of Mr. James, as he says subsequently it was never intended for publication. But on what ground had he warrant for writing this, even privately, to a friend?

"The free lover wants * * * not a reformation of men's manners, but a revolution * * * whereby the flesh shall be supreme."

and the spirit subservient. He doesn't believe in the moral destiny of man, and disposes himself to reconstruct the world simply by overturning it, or substituting universal discord in place of partial order. He holds that man is absolutely free, in respect to outward compulsion and inward constraint; that he is essentially devoid of obligation, either to his fellow-men or to himself—in a word, he is his own sole law, and hence is never so numerous as when he obeys the voice of conscience, in preference to that of appetite or passion."

Is it any wonder that, after having crammed into a single paragraph such a solid mass of falsehood without a single redeeming truth, Mr. James feels called upon to tell his friend that he is not a chimpanzee? And I am bound to believe it. For no chimpanzee or other ape, not even the most savage gorilla, would be guilty of such wholesale and unmitigated misrepresentation. And had it been written by some ignorant blockhead, I could have found somewhere an apology for him; but in the cultured, enlightened and scholarly Mr. JAMES, this mode of dealing with a conscientious, sincere and, I hold, enlightened, clear-headed and pure-hearted friend of his fellow beings, who, in their own way and under the strongest sense of right, are doing their best to reform existing abuses, is altogether reprehensible, and his shame is all the more shameful.

And all this and much more of the same character and quality Mr. James has said in defense of marriage and against free love, which is his antithesis. Are the advocates and defenders of marriage, or the opponents of social freedom, under the necessity of resorting to such wretched shifts?

When full deliverance comes to the soul—when the passions no longer rule and control a man, he no longer needs the strait-jacket of marriage. And from long experience and close observation of the character and conduct of people, I am fully satisfied that a large share, if not the whole, of this constant abuse and misrepresentation of the character and aims of those who *say*—after affectional and social freedom, comes of disturbance in the souls of these advocates; and instead of fighting the lustful devil in themselves directly, they fight him by an indirection, smiting outward, at what they fancy to be him in other people.

It was my purpose to notice Mr. James's more recent letter to Mr. Andrews, but this article has already run to greater length than I intended, and so must defer that to the future.

LOREN MAYER.

LET US LOVE.

Love, let us love! What have we else to do,
Who cannot count one hour of life to come;
Who only knows the present to be true,
The voice that now we hear to be not dream?
To whom, as on a barren bank we stand,
The past and future are the tide-whelmed sand.

Love, let us love! For love and life and death,
(What else)—we know are real; and as we must
By nature's laws, both bind and pluck our breath,
So let us love, and bound, but as we must,
Upon ourselves the thralldom real,
And love as long as love, life, death shall be.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE SOCIAL SYSTEM.

Mr. Woodhull—I was very much pleased to see that Chaillé had been towed out in his first inquiry by the jury, and in his future efforts to injure you for speaking the truth I think and hope he will have as little success; for people must see that it is the truth that is hated, for that lies the secret, as he would never have troubled himself about your exposure of the present social system if you had not mentioned names, but only done it in general terms, though he might have indulged in a few hypocritical expressions of horror at your principles.

The exposure of the real workings of the present social system by women, who are as well able to do it, as being its worst victims, though its evils to men are but secondary to those it imposes on women, is one of the most powerful weapons of attack that can be used, and will tell especially to cool the ardor of those unprincipled opponents of the new system who never honestly attempt to argue against it, but are utterly unscrupulous in the means they use to oppose it—persecution, defamation, abuse, lies, anything that comes first. This class hate the principle of free love because they see and feel its justice and truth, and know that then they would not be able to use women as playthings and mere instruments of pleasure; for women, instead of being so ignorant on all sexual questions as they are now, would be properly taught, and knowledge would not only shield them from being ignorant victims of such unprincipled men, but would so elevate the whole tone of their minds that they would insist on holding a totally different position in society, and be the peers of men, not content, and even proud, to harkle slave and plaything, as too often now.

Under the present system women have three courses open to them: first, they may remain celibates, when they are forced at so old maids, and are often regarded as objects of sport and contempt, though, from the point of view of the advocates of the present system, they ought to regard them as the purest of society, and consequently the most fit to be respected. Yet there can be no doubt that celibacy is contrary to nature's law, and therefore must be with an appropriate punishment.

The second course open to women is prostitution; it is a profession between men and women of all ages, and regarded as objects of disgust; it is not the present system and its allies; for women he regarded as the purest, when each one must be the equal share of some man under marriage. But while men should and insist that no state is to shield woman from contempt but marriage, they refuse to allow it to be a consideration in the estimate of their own social position, whether they are celibates, prostitutes or prostitutes.

And while men can uphold these different views of male and female morality, it

carry them whenever they want a legal sexual slave, they being offered a slight choice of masters, but, like the wages slave, a master they must have or starve, and are also able to keep a full supply of prostitutes slaves both for married and unmarried men—the military women being hidden, to remain so till an owner offers himself, and if poor and having to work for a living, kept at the wages of starvation, so that they are ready when called upon to choose; and, if no master offers himself, bad trade or a hundred mischances may force them into the prostitutes market.

Thus, under all conditions while the present social system lasts, the greater proportion of women must be either legal or prostitutes slaves, or looked upon as prostitutes old made to be laughed at; and while freedom for women is denied, it must be so, for it would not do to allow public opinion to regard as honorable any condition for women but that of sexual slavery to some one man, and when some other condition is regarded as honorable the present social system will soon end, as the slave will soon escape.

Now this cannot come to pass except by the efforts of the sexual slaves themselves, who must insist on freedom, assisted by each of the men as proper justice to power, and can see that slavery is injurious to both master and slave, of no kind has ever been abolished except the slaves were anxious to be free and willing to strive for freedom; for if some masters were willing to abolish a slave system of any kind, and the slaves were desirous of having a master, it would only result in a transfer of ownership, and it is impossible to suppose that masters would be anxious to wish to abolish a slave system, and the slaves still cling to it, in which case the masters would have to educate the slaves for freedom.

Hoping that you and your fellow-sister workers will still push the work along, and believing that many men will be found to back your efforts, believe me to be your well-wisher,
NOTTINGHAM, England.

TUSSA, TURK.

SELLING INDULGENCES.

Our Protestant neighbors have been very severe in their condemnation of the Catholics for selling indulgences and yet they have all been engaged in the same business according to their own interpretation of it. It is a settled fact, well known to all educated Christians, that the original sin which, according to the old Jewish faith, brought knowledge, shame and death into the world, and gave total depravity as an inheritance to the race, was sexual intemperance. Eve first saw this in the serpent, when entreated by Mr. Satan the enemy of God, who thus enticed her out Adam into what the Christian world and all civilized nations that derive their morals from the Jewish Sabbath pronounced a sin, when not permitted by authority of Church or State, each claiming the right to permit people to do wrong by selling them the indulgence to sin. The old Roman Church denies all other right but her own, as she asserts that it is a God-granted indulgence, and that God has not delegated to any other power the right to sell it; and hence she holds all merely legal or Protestant indulgence null and void, and the portion, if they have sexual intimacy under them, as adultery, and committing the forbidden sin which brought shame and death into our world as well as knowledge of good and evil.

The Church early seized this powerful incentive to human activity and attempted to control it for her use, and she has largely succeeded; and the State, seeing her success, has attempted to divide it with her or to control it without her consent in some countries, and hence a conflict, and the illegitimate marriage and divorce laws as a result of the conflict. The truth is the act is not and never was a sin, unless it was a trespass or carried out some kind of deception, and then no marriage law or authority of Church or State could make it less or as less a sin. The authority of Church or State would in no case and no wise alter the moral nature of the act in which two persons since are morally responsible. No statute of State nor ordinance of Church can remove the criminality of an act that is a sin in itself, nor can they make an act sinful that is not so by nature and man's constitution; hence we deny all authority of Church or State to its criminality or penalty in any natural act of individuals. We deny their right to sell indulgences to men to commit rape or women to take their lives by sexual tempeste, or to women to poison men with an unhealthy and polluted magnetism. The proper business of Church and State is the regulation of the sexes to protect individuals, male and female, in their natural rights, and see that parents care properly for their children, which would be greatly lessened in numbers by changing our systems to perfect protection of woman, and yet more would live, and those raised be much better generated and hence be better men and women. The Church and State should be compelled to admit that sexual intemperance is as sin, or to stop selling indulgences to pervert them to it.

It is certain from the testimony of thousands of living and dead witnesses that under these indulgences called marriages certificates (or licenses) the act is often a sin or trespass than when performed without such license, and often results in undesired maternity and sexless children, and for offense in the death of one of the parties thus licensed to the trespass right. One-half the men that get marriage licenses (certificates) get them for the express purpose of sexual indulgence, and most of them pay little attention to nature or the condition of fitness of the companion, or effects upon the victim of their lust, as they have all the sin at once, and having marital rights which control morally the wife, they rashly go on to the destruction of the weaker of the two constitutions, and if the woman fails, as is often the case, says seek and find another victim, which the church or State, either, will give him as indulgence (license) to kill also, if he can, in the same way. Horrible stories of this kind are almost daily related to us. One is just now before us in a letter of a new relative who is spending some time in the house of a shyster, a stout, boorish, profligate, insolent, whose lust is confined by church, State and society to a poor, little, delicate, sensitive, feeble woman, with half a dozen little children born as near each other as to keep her

constantly sink, and to destroy every vestige of sexual desire and make her marriage bed a rack of torture, as she assures our friend it is. It will soon send her to the spirit world and leave her vacant place and innocent little ones to be cared for by another victim, which the pious man no doubt will soon find for her place. This sin does not make him ashamed nor give him a knowledge of right and wrong, or good and evil, but it does give us a sign of vice depravity, if not total, at least enough so to need an amendment. All the clergy are not so depraved, we are well aware, but at least as great a proportion of them as of any other class in community.

How long our country is to be cursed with this theological depravity we do not know, but it seems almost impossible to get people to reason on this subject, in which so much of sexual passion is involved and so many slaves humiliated. Those who own slaves ever have held tensely to the right to hold them, and continue the system by human and divine authority, and of course we must expect such to be in this issue enemies of social freedom, and such changes in the law as would release or protect women against him, which now endures her both in and out of marriage, even to the almost utter extinction of love. Almost any one can see to what depravity and vice our present system is tending, but few can see the beautiful and pure future of social freedom as we would have it.

WARREN CHASE.

MARRIAGE.

BY DR. L. BODDIE,
Author of "Force and Matter," "The Spiritualized Pictures,"
"Six Lectures on Darwin," "Essays on Nature and
Science," etc.

Marriage, although it occurs also in animals (e.g., the stork), is nevertheless, in its present form and conception, essentially a product of human culture. It is therefore nothing rigid and unalterable, nothing given once for all by nature, but must change and advance with the increase of culture. For our marriage of the present day this is all the more necessary, as in the old principles of compulsion, which formerly ruled in State, Church and society, are still fully reproduced. For the progress of true humanity in the State and society surely anything, however, can be more efficacious than the liberation of marriage from these narrowing bars, and its conversion into a proper relation of the two sexes, brought about by a free and unconstrained choice on both sides, and dependent for its continuance upon the continuance of mutual affection. In a certain sense, it must be admitted that the whole physical and intellectual future of the human race depends more or less upon the future form of marriage. For although the union of the best with the best, as in Plato's ideal State, would not answer, the union of the most suitable with the most suitable will be the right method to produce the best possible race in the future.

Darwin has already recognized what he calls sexual selection as a maladjustment of progress in animals, and Professor Huxley does not hesitate to declare, on the strength of his investigations, that the progress of the human race in history is in great part the consequence of sexual selection, which is developed to a far greater extent in man than in animals.

But it cannot well be disputed that this peculiar element, which has only been brought to light by natural history, can unfold its entire and most important efficacy fully and unobstructedly only when the union of the sexes is really the consequence of a perfectly free choice and of a full mutual agreement, with mutual liking and mutual satisfaction. In contrast to this, our present conventional and constrained marriage, as is well known, only too frequently presents mutual discord and incurable disjunction of the most repulsive character, which is most injurious to the progress of the race. Even the emancipation of women that we have urged, and her freer and more independent position with regard to man, will constitute a necessary condition for a different form of marriage in the future; and the free loveshops which has hitherto, contrary to all justice and reason, been allowed only to the man, must in future form equally the right of the maiden. The young woman, having become independent, will no longer find it necessary to allow herself to be treated like merchandise in the market, or under a half compulsion to seize upon any marriage that may be offered to her, merely to escape the melancholy state of spinsterhood; but she will take the word only when the future life seems to promise to her or her adviser greater happiness and greater satisfaction than the present one. The number of unhappy marriages, prejudicial to the progress of the race, which, unfortunately, is now so great, will then diminish, and that of the happy and household ones will increase. But where, in spite of this, a disappointment may occur, the necessary facilitation of legal separation will render impossible the repetition of those frightful domestic dramas which nowadays, to the shame of humanity, are so often displayed before our courts of justice. From the individual horrors which obtain publicity, we may judge of the many still greater horrors which are borne silently and patiently in concealment. Freedom, free-will and perfect reciprocity form the vital air in which alone happy marriages can thrive; and this leads of necessity to the removal of all artificial obstacles which can be opposed either to the conclusion of marriage or to the dissolution of those in which a want of agreement prevails.

Among the most foolish contrivances of political wisdom or political stupidity are the obstacles which in many States are still opposed to marriages in the lower classes, especially the laboring classes, in fear of over-population or the increase of poverty, even leaving quite out of consideration the fact that it implies the greatest and hardest of all inflictions to render the unmerited poverty of the individual still harder and more miserable by seeking to shut him off completely from the most natural of human impulses, that of the propagation of his kind. By the increase of its number, a people becomes not poorer but richer, especially where improved social arrangements make it possible for every one to

lead an existence worthy of humanity; and every new-born human being is a capital which benefits the whole by augmentation of the power both of work and of consumption. The less populated a district is the poorer it is also, and the more miserable is the condition of its inhabitants; while, on the contrary, in the European cities, countries, the general degree of prosperity has everywhere risen with a corresponding increase of the population. For there can be no doubt that by the increase of civilization and its innumerable aids, by increased division of labor and so forth, the general capability of subsistence increases in a much higher degree than the number of people; and although it must be admitted that under normal conditions a certain limit to the number of the population cannot be overstepped, we are still very far from the attainment of this limit. Great human power must readily in thinly peopled regions, or in such as have been depopulated by war, pestilence, etc.; while the excess of means of nourishment is nowhere greater than in the enormous capitals of European states, in which millions of men live together upon one spot. When the Spaniards conquered America they found that its population was devastated by frequent famines; at the present day America furnishes abundant nourishment for a far greater number of inhabitants, still possesses space and food enough for several millions.—*Men in the Past, Present and Future*, p. 205.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HAS JESUS CHRIST ANY FOLLOWERS?

BY W. T. JAMESON.

This article closes the series on Jesus. For ages the world has listened to volumes of eulogy of Jesus. There is so little ground for such fulsome praise that I have felt the necessity of presenting the other side of the question, because of the tendency on the part of the mass of spiritualists to join in praise to Jesus. The world, I think, needs to become free from devotion to persons at the cost of principles. Principles are impersonal. No one person can represent all truth. The universe is needed for that. Those who claim to be followers of Jesus assert that the truth came by him. He himself claimed to be "the way" and "the truth." Like other individuals, he had a bias for all human work if the world would follow where he led, hear his voice! All who would refuse to be guided by him were, he said, not of the truth. Said he, "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Pilate asked him, "What is truth?" That was a poser. It knocked down the sectarianism of Jesus.

What is it to be a follower? In the sense of leadership it means, "to accept as authority; to adopt the opinions of; to obey; to yield to; to take as a rule of action; to imitate as a forerunner; to copy after; to take as an example."

Those spiritualists who are fond of calling Jesus great names give him pre-eminence above all the sages that ever lived. The fault they find with the sages is that they do not practice the teachings of Jesus, which would constitute them true followers of him. They either forget, or do not reflect, that his teachings are, as a whole, absurd. Some of them are impractical; some are immoral; only a few of them of importance, and those few are found in heathen literature. There is not, I think, a spiritualist paper which has not something sweet to say about him, even down to a very rank old West, which would be horrified, in theory, if "our elder brother, Jesus," were now living on earth on such tender terms as was his habit with Martha and Mary and several other sibyls. The Christians say spiritualists are not followers of Jesus. Are the spiritualists? I hope not. If to accept a portion of a leader's teachings makes one a follower, then Christians can justly claim to be followers. Spiritualists, and other Liberalists, do not accept Jesus Christ as authority; do not adopt all his opinions; do not take him as a "rule of action," at the same time they recommend him to the churches "to copy after," to take as an "example." This conduct on their part is most inconsistent.

Jesus Christ insisted that all the old Mosaic commandments, including the law and the prophets, must be kept. "Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."

We have heard much about those who love Jesus. Has he a lover on earth? He laid down a rule by which we may know who loves him. "He that hateth my commandments, and keepeth them, he is not his lover me." One command was to his father, mother, brother, sister, wife, husband.

Another command was to cultivate poverty on earth in order to secure bibles in heaven. Let him keep his bibles.

Another was to "resist not evil," which would make pliable material of the race for a few tyrants to mould. People who positively praise this maxim know that it would be disastrous in practice.

But why inconsistencies. The sayings have been given in detail. To keep them all would plunge the world into a miserable muddle. Practically, there is no one to do Jesus honor, for there is no one whose conduct some would permit him or her to keep his sayings. "He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings." "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Who are the followers of Jesus? "Not every one that calleth unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father." "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them." The early disciples understood these as we read them. Jesus says: "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." John had the same understanding: "Heretofore we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments."

To place the matter beyond all dispute, that it is not sufficient to say a person "believes" in Jesus, in order to be a follower of him, John says: "He that saith I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, it is like that the truth is not in him."

If Jesus Christ had been equal to some of the heathen sages, he never would have sought for any to follow him, but would have enjoined on each and all, "Be thyself." The present approach he makes to this is in his address to hypocrites: "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" but he speaks even that by afterwards saying: "He that believeth not shall be damned." All the sects who claim his name have practiced this saying most faithfully by denouncing each other.

No one believes in Jesus; no one follows him. The mass is a wretched mass of the millions of his professed followers. What a poor, crazy mass it would be if his teachings were obeyed and he had actual followers!

In my next I will reply to Mr. E. F. Boyd, one of my critics, for I favor free discussion with all my soul.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The lecture of Mrs. Woodhull last evening at Piper's Opera House, Virginia city, Nevada, was well attended, the theatre being crowded in every part. Gold Hill certainly was prettily represented in that audience, and the dress circle contained a goodly proportion of ladies. Mrs. Woodhull has been written and abroad into almost a national personage and authority, until now wherever she goes everybody is desirous to see and hear her. We have never seen the Opera House filled with a more interested and critical audience, seemingly disposed to be honest and honest judges of what this noted lady had to say. Mrs. Woodhull possesses a good stage appearance, a full, clear voice and a deeply earnest manner, which gives full force and weight to her words. Logical and pointed in her argument and applications, witty, playful or pathetic at times, and always merging into the keenly sarcastic, she argues her subject with the most consummate skill and with striking effect. She handled the political, religious and social states of the nation and society last evening without gloves, making numerous telling points, which drew forth strong and repeated applause from her audience.—*News, Gold Hill, Nev.*, May 18, 1874.

Mrs. WOODHULL'S LECTURE.—Piper's Opera House last evening was crowded with people who had assembled there to hear "the naked truth," as proclaimed by Mrs. Woodhull. They applauded the many telling points made in the array of corruption pervading high political, social and governmental circles. We believe it may be safely said that Mrs. Woodhull is, without exception, the best lady speaker ever heard on the Pacific coast. She has a plangent voice, modulates steadily and distinctly, and she is undoubtedly a logician of marked ability. Her repartee in repartee was very happily illustrated last evening when interrupted by a disciple of John Burroughs in the discussion.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Evening Chronicle*.

LOVELY TO-NIGHT, LOVE.

Handsome transposing.—Some L.—Home is hotel. Spinetless full of cigar stamps. Bourbon whisky. All hands equipped for a night's sport. Husband in a hurry to be off, writing home:

Dearest Jessie—My time is so occupied with business that I can hardly spare a moment to write to you. Oh, darling, how I miss you, and the only thing that sustains me during my absence is the thought that every moment thus spent is for the benefit of my dear wife and child. Take good care of yourself, my love. Feed the baby on our cow's milk. Exercise, etc., etc.

Wife at home.—Some L.—Poker. All the gas lit. Thirteen cross widows. Fred from around the corner, with his violin on his arm; Jim, from across the way, with his banjo; Jack, from shore, with his guitar; Sam, from below, with his flute; lots of other fellows, with their instruments. Dancing and singing, wine-table covered with nuts, fruit, cake, cream, wine, whisky and so forth. Wife in a hurry to dance, writing to husband:

Dear Hubby—How lonesome I feel in your absence. The house grows tediously. Nobody calls on me, and I am constantly thinking of the time when you will be home, and your cheerful countenance light up the routine of every-day life. My household duties keep me constantly employed. I am living as economical as possible, knowing that your small income will not admit of frivolous expense. But now, dear, I am going good-ey, or I will be too late for the monthly concert of prayer. In haste, yours, etc.—Piper, San Francisco.

REMEMBRANT LECTURERS.

- 1. FANNIE ALICE, Somersham, Mass.
- J. L. ALPINE, Hyde, O.
- J. J. BARRETT, Greenfield, Wis.
- Miss. V. B. BURNEY, 125 Market St., Allegheny City, Pa.
- Capt. H. H. BROWN, Brownsville, Pa.
- Addie L. BROWN, Terra Haute, Ind.
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"The diseases of society can, no more than corporeal maladies, be prevented or cured without being spoken about in plain language." —JOHN STUART MILL.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1874.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.

No. II.

From Omaha, westward five hundred miles to Cheyenne, the Union Pacific railroad is about wholly devoid of interest, save for those who have never seen a vast expanse of uninhabited country; but of this, even, the most inquisitive, equally with the novices of any sort, will soon tire, especially if the journey be made when the sun piers down his scorching rays upon the earth in the heated season. This introduction to the route across the plains, however, serves to whet the appetite for the glories that are soon to follow, and to make their grandeur and beauty still more impressive than they would otherwise have been.

It is true we have passed up the valley of the Platte River, the most deceptive and treacherous of all American streams. As the valley of this river is first entered the eye of the traveler wearsies searching out the boundaries of its vast expanse, involuntarily seeking some mountain's peak to prove that the horizon is not the girdle that encircles it. The river itself is from three-quarters to one mile in width, and to a casual observer, appears to be proportionately deep, but if he examines it closely he will find that it is usually little more than six inches; but if he attempts to test it in person, he will probably soon discover that what is, apparently, the bed of the river, is treacherous and unstable, and it would be a wonder, if in the attempt to cross it, he do not suddenly sink out of sight in the quick-sands which form no small part of this bed. The river is un navigable for any steamer whatever, at all seasons of the year, and yet it performs a very important mission in draining the fertile regions which bound its sides. Most of these lands belong to the railroad company, and are as fine for agricultural or grazing purposes as any anywhere to be found in the great North-west. If irrigation be necessary, there is sufficient fall in the river and its tributaries to make it easy. It is claimed, however, that this is unwise except in extraordinarily dry seasons.

It is true, also, that we have already begun the ascent of the far-famed Rocky Mountains, having at Grand Island—a town of one thousand inhabitants where the trains stop regularly for meals—ascended about two thousand feet, and at Julesburg, one hundred and twenty-five miles further west from Omaha, thirty-four hundred feet, above the level of the sea. This last-named place will be long remembered for what occurred there during the building of the railroad. At one time it contained four thousand inhabitants; now there is scarcely a house to be seen, outside of the station. Cheyenne City is five hundred and sixteen miles west from, and is the largest town between, Omaha and Ogallala. It once had a population of six thousand. Now it seems less than a thousand or so less. The "roughs" congregated here at one time, and it was only after a vigilance committee had hanged several of the worst among them that they departed westward. During their reign it consisted principally of "gambling halls," "dance houses," and saloons; murder was so frequent that it came to be known that no stranger

was safe in the place who had any money on his person. It is now, however, as quiet and orderly a town as can be found in the States, and the inhabitants are enterprising and public spirited. Good schools are supported, and several of the school houses would do honor to many an older and larger place. There is an extensive manufacture of mass agate jewelry carried on here. The rough material is obtained in large quantities in Wyoming, and of superior quality, especially at Church Buttes and Millerville. Cheyenne is in the midst of the best grazing country in the world. The grass grows a foot high, and is sweet, rich and very nutritious, and remains green near its roots during the coldest winters. The standing grass cures during the summer, and all its peculiar properties are as well preserved, and the cattle thrive as well upon it, as if it were cut and stacked. It is sometimes covered with snow, but the cattle readily find the grass beneath it.

Westward from Cheyenne, the Black Hills, which stretch far away in a long, rugged line, begin to be ascended, and snow sheds and fences mark the road. Reaching Sherman, five hundred and forty-nine miles from Omaha, their summit is gained, and the traveler is eight thousand two hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea. Having reached this elevation, the scenery is peculiarly impressive. It is no longer the distant high peaks of the mountains that attract the sight, but dense masses of overhanging clouds, topped by the glistening sides of Long's Peak. For some distance we seem to move along a level plain on the top of the mountain, which is covered with grass and shrubs, but far away to the south Pike's Peak is plainly visible when the air is clear; and nearly as far to the north lies the noted Elk Mountain.

Sherman is the point on the road from which supplies of wood and sowed lumber are obtained. The hills are covered with dense growths of hard pine, resembling the yellow pine of Northern New York, and makes both excellent wood and lumber for mechanical purposes, while the supply is seemingly inexhaustible.

If the traveler remains any length of time in this elevated latitude he will feel the effects of the rare air. If the lungs are at all weak he will suffer considerable inconvenience, if not actual pain. Such as have strong and robust lungs frequently suffer from intense headache until becoming fully accustomed to the light air of this high altitude. It is said that consumptives whose lungs have been affected for a considerable length of time, frequently die by attempting to make the passage of this mountain, by reason of the effect of the air upon the weakened organs. Such people who visit this elevation must approach it carefully, and gradually, becoming accustomed to the increasing rise into the modified atmosphere. In this way undoubted advantage may be gained by a large class of invalids.

These miles west of Sherman is situated the famous Dale Creek Bridge, which stretches across the creek from bluff to bluff, one hundred and fifty feet above the valley beneath. This is one of the grandest scenes on the road. Numerous parties visit Dale Creek to fish for trout, in which it abounds. At the bridge there now stands a single house, where once there was a population of six hundred souls. In the valley there are almost countless varieties of wild flowers, three hundred of which have been classified.

Of this country a person who visited it to describe it, says: "At this elevated point, the tourist, if his 'wind is good,' can spend a long time, pleasantly, in wandering amid some of the wildest, grandest scenes to be found on the continent. There are places where the rocks rise higher, where the surrounding peaks may be loftier, and the torrents mightier in their power, and still not possess such an influence over the mind as does the wild, desolate looking landscape around Sherman. Although the plateau is covered with grass and occasional shrubs and stunted trees greet the eye, the surrounding bleakness and desolation render this place one of awful grandeur. The hand of Him who rules the universe is nowhere else more marked, and in no place which we have ever visited have we felt so utterly alone—so completely isolated from mankind, and left entirely alone with nature, as at Sherman, on the Black Hills of Wyoming."

Dale Creek is one of the tributaries of Cache La Poudre River, which runs through a lovely valley completely nestled in the embrace of the wildest mountains. Near the confluence of the waters is what is called Virginia Dale. On one side of the canyon the overhanging rocks are fully six hundred feet high, and furnish a scene of grandeur and sublimity rarely equalled in this or any other country.

The highest point is called "The Lover's Leap," but for what reason we did not learn.

It would certainly be an excellent place from which to end a lover's career; and we presume it must have been used for this purpose at some time by somebody who had been made weary of life by unrequited love.

The scenery along this portion of the road is sufficiently varied and beautiful to constantly occupy the attention of the traveler who has any conception of the majestic in nature, and so continues until Laramie City is reached. Here the Company's shops are located, where several hundred workmen are constantly employed, adding an important feature to what would otherwise have been a comparatively unimportant town. This, together with the fact that it is the county seat of Albany county, has caused it to

make wonderful progress recently. Here the company have built a magnificent hotel and made it a regular dining station. The management of the hotel is excellent, and the

traveler is treated to as good a meal as can be obtained at any of the hotels of the Eastern cities.

It was here that the first jury composed of men and women was empaneled. The first case tried by them was that of a noted desperado, who was accused and convicted of some crime. Even the men in Wyoming mostly regard the admission of women to political equality and partnership, where they have so long been the sole power, as a general blessing, and would not have the act which made them possible, repealed if it could be. It is already accepted as a matter of course, and women take their part in all political proceedings accordingly.

Passing westward from Laramie, the "sage brush," which forms so prominent a portion of the scenery thence onward to the Pacific coast, is first encountered, and is also a "Johnny Chinaman," who performs almost all the repairs on the road to San Francisco. He is faithful and industrious, and, since he does not drink whisky, more reliable than "Murphy," who has the monopoly of the business farther to the East. Here also the alkali beds, which are the arch enemies of the farmer and the grama, begin to show their whitened surfaces, sometimes extending over whole plains, and thus virtually forbidding all efforts at cultivation. Millions upon millions of acres of land, which, if it were not for this, would offer the most extraordinary inducements to the settler, are, so far as any known use to which they can be put, absolutely valueless.

Two and a half miles west of the unimportant station of Creston, the summit of the great backbone of the Continent—the Rocky Mountains—is reached. This point is seven hundred and thirty-seven miles from Omaha and seven hundred and seventy-seven from San Francisco. A small flag, planted by the wife of Captain Clayton, marks the exact point of the summit. This summit is not situated at so high an altitude as is that of the preceding range, at Sherman, being but seven thousand feet above the level of the sea—more than a thousand feet lower than Sherman. Other points of the great "back-bone" are much higher. This pass was sought on account of its depression.

Thirty miles westward from the summit the descent of the celebrated Bitter Creek is begun. It passes through a narrow defile in the mountains, the banks in some places almost overhanging the stream. The water is strongly impregnated with alkali, and is utterly useless. The banks, and the bottoms where they occur, are filled with quick-sands, and many cattle are lost seeking for pure water amid this treacherous desert place. Absolutely nothing but "green wood" and "sage brush," in the line of vegetation, is to be seen anywhere near these bitter waters.

At Hillville, some twelve or thirteen miles further on, there is a peculiar vein of coal, very valuable and possessed of superior burning qualities, being free from both sulphur and smoke—something that is unknown in any other coal that we have ever heard of, and which will, in the future, make this point a great commercial centre for this article. The mine can now produce three hundred tons per day.

Evanton—the half-way house, lying mid-way between Omaha and San Francisco, being nine hundred and fifty-six miles from each place, is a comparatively new, but thrifty and beautiful place. Here the Company have erected a good eating house where all the trains stop. Near by are some sulphur springs, possessing rare virtues, which will at no distant day make this pleasant point a famous resort for invalids. Large quantities of coal and lumber are shipped from this place westward over the railroad toward San Francisco, the supply of each being amazingly inexhaustible.

Nine miles from Evanton Wahatchi is reached, which takes its name from a celebrated range of mountains of that name, and immediately beyond, the road enters the head of the famous Echo Canyon, through the longest tunnel—seven hundred and seventy feet—on the road. The approaches to this tunnel are also remarkable points of interest—the one from the east being over a long piece of treacherous work, thirty feet high; and the one from the west over one still longer—four hundred and fifty feet—and seventy-five feet high—seemingly a most dangerous passage, and frequently causing the timid to shriek out with terror.

Detouring from the tunnel into the north fork of Echo Canyon, the train ploughs at a fearful rate downward over the heaviest grade on the road. The canyon is a very narrow defile which affords scarcely enough room for the road. In many places it is blasted into the sides of the bluffs, which are from five hundred to two thousand feet high, rising steeply and almost perpendicular from base to summit. The grade here is necessarily very steep, so there are no sloping hills over whose sides the grade may fall easily, as the train pitches almost headlong downward into the narrow defile, which soon becomes a gorge and then an awful chasm through which the train dashes onward until it reaches Hanging Rock, which forms a natural bridge from one cliff to the other, and is one of the most wonderful of the many wonderful sights with which this canyon abounds. So rapidly do they come into and go from view, as the train thunder along, that the traveler scarcely has time to note them singly, but they pass as a continual panoramic view with no interesting, less interesting parts.

A writer who has taken more time than we could have in the rapid passage made through this wild mountain gorge, writes of it as follows:

"The only difficulty to the common tourist will be that he will hardly see all the beauties of this most beautiful canyon, as the train thunder along, winking the eyes among

these castellated monuments of red-rock, whose towering domes and frowning buttresses gave the name to this remarkable opening in the Wahsatch mountains. Four miles below Hanging Rock the walls rise in massive majesty—the predominant feature of the canyon. Rain, wind and time have combined to destroy them, but in vain. Centuries have come and gone since the mighty convulsions shook the earth to its center, when Echo and Weber canyons sprung into existence—twain children, whose births were heralded to the world by thunders, such as the earth may never feel again; and still the mighty wall of Echo remains, jutting defiance alike to time and his co-laborers—the elements, still hangs the delicate fret and frost-work from the walls; still the pillar, column, dome and spire stand boldly forth in all their grand, wild and weird beauty to entrance the traveler and fill his mind with wonder and awe. "On goes the engine, whirling us past castle, cathedral, towering columns and rugged battlement; past ravines which cut the walls from crest to base in awful chasm; shooting over bridges and flying past and under overhanging walls; on, on past the towering cliffs, a thousand feet high, where the rocks still lie, piled there by the Mormons to defend this pass against Uncle Sam's army, under Johnston, cut out in '57, and still on, rushing past Witch's Cave, Polk's Rock, where the Mormon Elders preached their first sermon in Utah Territory, until it reaches Echo City Station, where we leave the train for a few moments to reassure ourselves that we are still upon this side of the boundaries of life."

THE CAUSES AND CURE OF INSANITY INHERITED AND ACQUIRED.

In a previous number of the WEEKLY we spoke of the fact that scientific inquiries which have been made into the causes of "The Skeleton in Modern Society," had been presented to the public in *Harper's Magazine* for May; also referring to a second article whose tendency is to call attention to the social question as advanced in the WEEKLY. The title in this last article is "The Defective Classes." These two articles, written by different persons and published simultaneously in the same magazine, speak a whole volume of meaning to the public. Not anybody can read them and not see clearly, if he take any interest in the facts presented, that "The Skeleton in Modern Society" and "The Defective Classes" are one and the same thing. It is for this reason that we have chosen to make them the subject for several articles.

The writer of the former article divides insanity into two classes—moral insanity and physical insanity. The former, he says, is caused by moral degradation, and the latter is inherited or is the result of acute sickness; but other causes "spring from pride, sensuality, dishonesty and habitual vice, and have a previous history, a preparatory immorality, which ends in what is called 'moral insanity.'

We think that this classification will tend to confirm what has already come to be regarded almost as established, that the causes of disease—physical sickness—are immoral equally with those of any other disease or failing. The false theology that has been enforced as a system of morals has divided the responsibility—so-called—of human frailty, making the individual responsible for what it denominates moral sin; but leaving it to be understood that physical sickness is a visitation of Providence, as a punishment for some moral delinquency, thus virtually affirming that there is no such thing as physical sin. The real truth is, however, that all so-called sin has a physical basis. Even those things that most clearly result from a lack of conscience, if traced to their real source, would be found to arise, primarily, from some physical cause. Take for instance the case of a person who has a propensity for stealing. Stealing is classed as a moral sin, but if the thief's history were traced backward this propensity would be found to have been inherited. So admitting the writer's classification of causes in the magazine article as correct in the main, moral depravity may in most cases be traced to inherited tendencies, and is therefore substantially of physical origin.

But behind this general statement there lies a truth which perhaps may be said to make the very reverse true. While immoral acts may be traced to physical causes, these causes may again be followed to seemingly immoral sources. In the case of stealing, though it were an inherited propensity by the person who steals, the causes which transmitted this condition to him may rightly be termed immoral, since if the mother knew she were likely to endow her child with the proclivity she should not have borne him, and if she did bear him without knowing she would be liable to thus endow him, or even that she could do so, it was moral ignorance, which is equally as sinful in its effects as if it were willfully done.

Hence, whether causes be denominated moral or physical, they are both, really, being either first physical and secondarily moral, or first moral and secondarily physical, which is equivalent to saying that moral and physical causes and sin are one and the same in reality. Insanity is no exception to the rule; and whether it be acquired or inherited, the above statement is equally applicable.

Quetelet, the great master of statistics, considers insanity under the "development of the moral and spiritual faculties." If the different departments of human nature are considered relatively, and one called moral and another

physical purposely to form a distinction, the various questions that arise may be easily disposed of, but if morality is to be ascribed to the especial endowment of God, independent of material causation, and physical disease to the frailty of Nature, then there can never be a reconciliation between the different departments of human character. Quetelet seeing this wisely remarked that "moral insanity has a previous history, a preparatory immorality, which leads to it."

The most carefully acquired and prepared statistics establish the fact that insanity is on the increase, and most rapidly in the countries that boast the highest civilization; while among those people who are considered as semi-barbaric it is almost unknown. Thus in Germany the insane number two to the thousand; while among the Tartars there is one to fifteen hundred. The whole number of insane, including idiots, of Europe is three hundred thousand, the large majority of which are in the northern, central and western nations, and the small minority in the south and east. The majority of the insane are women, of the idiotic.

This brings us to the causes of insanity, especially to the cases that are acquired. Why should the insane be largely women? An examination of the statistics will at least indicate the reason. Not only are the majority of the insane, women, but the large majority of women who are insane are unmarried or those who had been divorced or widowed when sane. There seems, then, to be something connected with marriage that has a modifying effect upon insanity, and it is known well enough that this is sexual commerce. Those women who have never been married are liable to insanity, as compared with the married, in the proportion of three to one, while those who have been divorced, or who have lost their husbands otherwise and who remain unmarried, form quite four-fifths of the female insane.

From this it is evident, in the first place, that a condition of celibacy, or of sexual repression, is not in accordance with nature, and that those who defy its laws are liable to the greatest of all human woes—the loss of mental control; and, in the second place, that those who, by previous associations, have been accustomed to sexual commerce, but who have been aristocratically or incidentally deprived of it, are liable to insanity, as compared with others, in the proportion of five to one.

If these terrible effects follow the want or the suspension of the natural intercourse of the sexes, in so large a proportion of the whole number of cases of insanity, what a variety of lesser ills must there be to a still larger proportion! Indeed, the known facts clearly establish the theory that, at present, after arriving at a certain age, almost shunning from sexual commerce without detriment, and that, having once become accustomed to it, say forod abstinence afterward is certain to work some baneful if not direful effect.

These considerations lead to another very important inquiry relative to the causes of inherited insanity. Undoubtedly conception occurs with many females who previous to it had suffered from enforced abstinence. If the effects of repression prove so serious in so many cases upon the persons themselves, and so many as we know, there must suffer in our present social system constantly from this cause, is it a far-fetched conclusion to arrive at to say that, undoubtedly, almost the whole of those who are born with insanity, or who have inherited tendencies in that direction, are the result of sexual repression upon the part of either one or the other of their parents? Assuredly not!

We hold that this conclusion is not only reasonable, but based by what are established facts about insanity as shown by statistics, legitimate and inevitable. Moreover, would it not be plausible to class all cases of insanity as results of unnatural conditions, sexually? Since it is so evident that enforced repression outside of marriage causes so large a percentage of insanity in women, is it not reasonable to believe, at least, that the remainder of the cases that occur among women who are married arise from the same or from similar causes? Who but herself can tell the history of the insane wife? And to whom can she, in our present social conditions, when sane, confide it without endangering her social standing?

It is considered as the height of impudence for a woman, especially, to consult anybody about her sexual relations, as thousands go on year after year suffering untold misery, not daring to seek a remedy. Many of these cases might be alleviated if there were to be a mutual confidence between husbands and wives, but hundreds of women pretend a happiness, sexually, when really there is nothing but jealousy and disgust present. Many fear to be true to their womanly purity, lest, by so doing, they shall cause their husbands to lose their attachments for them. But this is a serious, almost a fatal error, since we are knowing to a number of cases where the reverse is true, and to none where it is false. The fact of faith and the giving of confidence in such cases is a good foundation upon which to predicate a removal of whatever difficulties, while the withholding of confidence and the constant effectuation of something that does not exist, exerts an influence over the husband which is certain eventually to lead to estrangement, sexually, if not otherwise.

If these causes of insanity have a real foundation, do they not indicate clearly in what direction its cures must be sought? Nothing is more evident, that if insanity is caused by repressed or improper sexuality, its cure must be sought in the healthful exercise of that passion. Cases where this

has proved successful, have been observed, but the general sentiment which it is supposed exists, regarding the fact, has so far deterred any scientific statement of it, as well as prevented any movement to thoroughly test the matter. In our opinion, however, formed only after a careful consideration of all the facts to be gained by inquiry and statistics, there are but a very few cases of insanity now existing that might not be cured, if the proper methods were resorted to effect a cure. But those who have the care of the insane, knowing the causes that have made them so, refrain from fear of public opinion, from suggesting publicly or professionally, what they know, privately, as to their treatment. They know that a person insane from repressed sexuality can never be cured unless that passion be furnished its normal exercise. In one sense they are apparently justified in their silence, since they are like the physicians who, as a class, refrain from making public what they know about the fearful effects of improper sexual intercourse that is almost universal in marriage, because they think that to do otherwise, that is to tell what they do know, would cost them their practice and position. Thus a sham morality and a falsely educated public opinion conspire together to perpetuate the increase of insanity, as well as to deny to those already afflicted all hope for a cure.

We cannot close this article more appropriately than by a quotation from the article in *Harper's*:

"We may moralize over these things in the pride of our philosophy, or laugh at them in our self-conceit, but we cannot so easily get rid of them. We must allow that there is an unusual evil running through the constitution of the race, and that we are all exposed to its mischief and in need of care and discipline. Every family has members more or less delicate in nervous organization, and every person, however robust, needs to look well to his body and his soul in seasons of peculiar trial or weakness."

AN IMPORTANT DEFINITION

The people are beginning to appreciate that human beings have a right to love one another without referring their affection to third parties for their sanction or approbation. The following proves the truth of the above assertion:

"The Brinckley Divorce Suit, which has so long been pending before Judge Van Brunt, terminated yesterday (May 27th) in a verdict for the plaintiff, Mrs. Brinckley. The point involved in the case is one of importance. The Jury believed that a contract of marriage was entered into by the parties, and that, although the ceremony was not witnessed under any of the legal and accepted forms, it was nevertheless, a valid marriage."—*THE TIMES*, May 28th.

There is something revolting in the idea that two young people cannot love one another, or place confidence in one another, but that it is necessary to secure themselves mutually against each other's perils by binding their souls with the chains of civil or ecclesiastical law. In generous minds even the demands for such securities would be likely to produce in many the state of feeling they are designed to counteract. However, in these days, the people are beginning to appreciate the fact of marriage or rather union whenever it exists, as in the case before us, and thus to treat interfering lawyers and priests with the contempt they merit.

THOSE TERRIBLE WOMEN

From an editorial in the New York *Advertiser* of May 14, headed "Suffrage in Michigan," the following extract is taken. The position told by the Protestant Clergy as a body on sexual and social matters, is not believed to be generally creditable, and any defense that can be made in favor of the delinquencies of its weaker members ought to be made as public as possible, inasmuch as it is certainly greatly needed in order to re-establish them in the good opinion of the public. Here is the article:

"The delinquency of the position which the pastor of a church occupies toward the female members of his congregation is one of the familiar facts of church history. Indeed, we might almost say that it is one of the most prominent facts of church history. It has constituted one of the great difficulties of church government, and has been more or less constantly and disastrously than all other subjects put together used and misused, to the pastor, to his priest or minister, position, highly exalted status, and strength, the women with whom he is brought into contact, and through the women of the Protestant church, at least, nearly all to be women of more than ordinary moral and religious culture and deficiency of feeling. Nevertheless, we venture to assert that there is no minister who has not found these relations, at times, a source of extraordinary difficulty and danger, and who has not often shuddered over the rebellion that they constantly kept him shuddering at his power within a hour's breadth of rule, by placing him, whatever his own party, at the mercy of the impure. The application of this to the relations of men and women in political life is an obvious and so easy that we shall do nothing toward making it beyond the range of illustration to which we have referred. A minute of a political meeting, in which a known and notorious woman, the English actress, Mrs. C. C. Chapman, about two years ago went into the female suffrage government with her own orthodoxy and with that somewhat wild bark in opposition against which Providence is so constantly warning us, and was made president of an association. He at once found himself brought into contact with all sorts of people, as a man who exerts the political power most repugnant to his, and of course more than half of them were women. He was evidently tried both by nature and education to argue the question out and persuade people into supporting it, and there was every reason for believing that the influence of sex would impel his ladies on him to do it. Providence, however, well, what did it? Why, he found the most prominent of these confidantes were women who thought about nothing but their sex, and whose interest in the suffrage was mainly due to the desire to try experiments with marriage and the family, and wife far from regarding the minister as an master or权威 simply, regarded him

true course for the nation to pursue in regard to the negro population. If they are to be considered as inferior to whites, define their inferiority by law. Hotel keepers, Railroad Directors, or even august Upper-standards, are not our national law-makers. If, on the contrary, the law is to be, as we would have it, color-blind, it ought to protect their liberties from invasion, as it does those of their white male fellow-citizens. How people calling themselves Christians, who believe in a book that affirms that all people are of one blood, can tolerate, much less seek to impose such burdens on their sisters and brethren, is a mystery; it is far too deep for the WEEKLY to solve, only the clergy can do ample justice to the delicate social questions involved in its consideration.

ON THE ROAD TO ZION.

The United States Brewers' Association, as it appears from a call they have just issued, propose to meet at Boston, on Thursday, June 4, in order to form an anti-temperance, or rather an anti-abstinence, league, for they maintain in the same that they are all friends to real temperance. William Cobbett was of the opinion that beer made from malt and hops and unadulterated was a healthy and invigorating beverage, far more so than either tea or coffee. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, lately declared that he would not condemn a laborer for soaking himself with a glass of ale after a day's hard labor, so he seems partially to endorse the above given opinion. Whether ale, or beer, or cider, be wholesome drinks, fit for the use of man or not, the WEEKLY does not propose to discuss in this article. It has simply taken note of the above-mentioned call of the U. S. Brewers' Association, as reported in the New York Sun newspaper, for the purpose of making an extract from the same, which reads thus:

"There is yet another and a higher than a mere financial issue which we propose to submit to the people of the whole country. It is that of personal liberty. The principle of the sovereignty of the individual was years ago announced by an esteemed Massachusetts philosopher, whose very definition of the term was accepted and embodied in his own system of philosophy by so eminent a British thinker as John Stuart Mill. The spirit of that principle breathes forth in every line of our own immortal Declaration of Independence. It is the same which urged on and fed throughout the Northern States the interesting agitation against negro bondservants in the South, and led to its final abolition. Upon that same principle we make the issue now. A man shall own himself, be his own master, be owned or controlled by nobody else, have no master or overseer put over him, so long as he regards the like right to individual sovereignty in others."

This the WEEKLY fully endorses, and like Little Oliver Twist in the poor-house, holds out its plate, and asks the U. S. Brewers Association for more. It demands the same individual sovereignty for woman as well as for man, and, until woman obtains it, would respectfully notify the brewers and distillers that she is justified in resorting to other means (viz: praying and singing in public if she pleases) in order to express her desire. The WEEKLY grants that her present defiant attitude as a Crusader would be in man illegal, but she is a parish outside of law, wholly unrecognized as a legislator, and therefore it is her right to make use of any weapon she pleases in self-defense. When things are different, and she is asked to take a hand with man in lawmaking, we may justly expect and even compel her to obey the laws to which she has given her consent, but not till then. Now, she is simply ruled as men rule horses and other dumb brutes, except that in the city where this is written there is no good Mr. Berg to protect her from injury and insult from her masters. This being so, we respectfully request the U. S. Brewers Association not to rest content with going only half way to individual sovereignty, for praying crusades or galvanized by women are only fitting remonstrances against the barbarous political despotism to which they are subjected; and furthermore that, while they are thus unrecognized and unrepresented, their tyrants are not justified in punishing them for expressing their desire illegitimately, inasmuch as at present there is no other effective method open to them by which they can legally perform such operations.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN LAW.

People are apt to fancy that those who assert the doctrine of individual sovereignty, a doctrine that would simplify (and diminish the number of) the laws, are aggressors. This is a mistake. They are not. In social matters the opinions of the majority are forced upon free hearts both by the ecclesiastical and civil laws. We are *as* the defense. We assert our rights against the rulings of the past. We claim for woman her individual sovereignty, of which she has been deprived (unjustly and to the detriment of our race) for ages. In the name of woman we spit open and scorn the monstrosities of man's edicts so often applied in her case. Every woman knows that we are right in so doing, though, in many instances, prudence suppresses her open endorsement of our statements. But, though possibly the majority of women dare not speak their thoughts upon such subjects, we are profoundly thankful to find that there are persons which are not afraid of upholding the cause of the oppressed, when that cause is the cause of justice and of right. It is therefore with profound satisfaction we republish an

item from that high-toned and liberal paper, the *Advertiser of Boston*, touching upon the above question:

"WOOGSTULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY says: 'In cases (in our country) in which both sexes are concerned, both sexes ought to be represented, not only in the jury-box but on the bench.' And does not the common-sense of justice say—Amen!"

Verily, like our respected contemporary, we think that it does, and have enlisted for the war for such necessary reformation.

CHAS. H. POSTER IN AUSTRALIA.

From *The Age*, published in Melbourne, Australia, we learn that Mr. Poster, the world-crowned medium, is giving seances in that city with his usual success, confounding the "wise in their own conceit," and convincing the incredulous that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in their philosophy. The paper referred to gives a full report—fair and candid we should say—of a seance given to members of the press, in which his numerous phases of mediumship were tested to the satisfaction of the reporters.

We are indebted to Mr. Poster for copies of the Melbourne papers, and are pleased to learn of his health and prosperity. Long may he enjoy both.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MANIFESTATIONS IN TERRE HAUTE, IND.

BY A. H. SUMMERS.

To the Editor of the Express:

"If a man die shall he live again?" I do not know. Materialists say no, and their answer is worthy of respect, for they arrive at that conclusion by honest, careful and laborious investigation of all facts and principles upon the subject of which they have any knowledge. They also seek to discover new facts and new principles, and by regular and easy deductions arrive at certain conclusions. He who believes the Bible to be true, says yes; after a man dies he shall live again. The Bible contains many accounts of persons having died and returned through the instrumentality of witches, or persons who had certain peculiar powers, enabling the departed to assume the semblance of physical bodies, clothed and to their right minds. There are so many statements in the Bible, however, that are so absurd, contradictory and wholly unreliable (the reader may look these up for himself, for in this country persons are arrested and imprisoned for publishing obscene extracts from "God's word.") Some not the American Bible Society, and agents, are protesting by the government in circulating obscene literature.) that the Bible to me is not an infallible book, and consequently the stories of the communion of Samuel, and others of the departed, with persons remaining in this life, I cannot believe true, merely because they are in the "Holy Bible." But I am very glad that their being related there does not prevent them untrue.

Socrates addressing those by whom he had been condemned, spoke of his death as a departure to the society of the good in another world, and noted, "If this be true, oh my judges, what greater good can there be than this?" As what prize would not either of you purchase a conference with Orpheus or Moses, with Herod and Hesiod? What would not any of you give for an interview with him who led that mighty army against Troy, or with Ulysses, or ten thousand of others, both male and female, that might be mentioned? For to converse and associate with them would be an inestimable felicity. Truly I should be willing to die often if these things be true." Dr. Allen Fiske, of this city, says these things are true. Say he can prove it, and will, to any reasonable person who will come and investigate the evidence which will be given. I came 120 miles to learn if possible the answer to the question at the beginning of this article. I have attended some of Mrs. Stewart's seances. I have at five of these seances tied a three-eighths rope tightly around her waist with a hard square knot, and a succession of the same kind of knots so close together as they could be tied, making a piece of knotted rope six inches long from her waist, then with the ends of the rope put through two holes in the side of the cabinet have tied them as tightly on the outside as possible, with five or six hard knots after the last knot on the inside drawn closely to the side of the cabinet, the medium occupying a chair inside. The doors being closed, after waiting a few minutes, all in the room could see faces and hands at the aperture in the middle door, and so distinctly as to distinguish the features, and we could hear voices there quite different from the medium's. We could also see the door of the cabinet opened, by what are claimed to be materialized spirit forms, usually dressed in white, who would walk out into the room, being plainly visible to all, from head to foot, from a time, and sit apart from the medium and from each other in size, some of whom would teach persons in the room, move benches, chairs, etc. Saturday evening, May 14, after I had tied the medium as above described, spirit forms came out of the cabinet dressed in white, leaving the door open so that we could see the medium as the same time, sitting in the cabinet and tied as I had left her. The spirit would stay out of the cabinet eight or ten seconds and return. This was repeated eight or more times. Saturday evening the spirit of an old lady came out of the cabinet dressed in white and with a white cap on. While the spirit was out in the room and visible to all, we could see the medium through the open door, sitting there as on previous evenings. The spirit walked to a table about six feet from the cabinet and took a small bowel put therefrom, holding it above her head so that we could see what she took, and then carried it into the cabinet and in a few minutes returned it to the table.

The cabinet is a plain box five by three foot, and eight feet high, entirely separate and away from the walls of the room, and standing on blocks eight inches from the floor. The front is composed of doors, so that when open the entire inside of the cabinet is exposed to view, and all so arranged as to afford an easy opportunity to examine the entire inside and outside of the cabinet, which being fastened together with screws, any one who chooses is at liberty to take it apart, and examine each piece separately.

At the close of each seance I have always found the medium that exactly as I tied her or as I saw her tied two evenings when others tied her. The medium and her husband, Dr. Fiske, and all who entangle people to come and investigate, are very kind, accomodating, and unselfish in their efforts to bring these facts to the minds of the people. No charge is ever made for attending the seances and witnessing the phenomena, and it requires a person of very keen perspicacity facilities to detect the motives of Mrs. Stewart, her husband, or Dr. Fiske, in getting honest people day after day and year after year.

Materialists, there are some facts in Terre Haute that it would well become you to investigate. After the strange which we call death, I do not know whether we will enjoy a connection, happy life or not, but I am strongly inclined to think we will; and I have found my best reasons for thinking so at Mrs. Stewart's source room.—Terre Haute Express.

The Iowa State Association of Spiritualists will hold their Second Quarterly Convention for 1874, in Berry's Hall, Fort Dodge, commencing Saturday, June 27, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and continuing over Sunday.

Believing that the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom, and that all subjects are worthy of a candid investigation, we cordially invite all seekers after truth, of whatever name or creed, to attend and participate with us in our council.

As usual, the platform will be free for the discussion of all subjects tending to the progression and elevation of mankind.

Friends from abroad will be entertained by the citizens of Fort Dodge as far as possible.

The speakers will be: Warren Chase, Dr. C. F. Sandford, Mrs. H. Morris, Capt. H. H. Brown.

Ernest Cope, President. Mrs. J. Swain, Secretary.

MAY 26, 1874.

At a secret session held in the city of New York, by the United Order of Internationals, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The national debts of all countries have been wholly or chiefly incurred by kings and privileged classes, for the purposes of war, spoliation, oppression and murder, and not for the benefit of the working and wealth-producing classes; and

WHEREAS, The people who pay the debts also pay the human suffering, necessary in the prosecution of war, in their limbs and lives, and are now engaged with taxes to pay interest on these wicked and unjust debts which press so heavily upon them, driving the poor into pauperism and its consequences, and causing corruptions still more flagrant in the ranks of the wealthy; and

WHEREAS, It is unjust and foolish to demand the present generation to pay for the ignorance of the past, as it would be to demand the present living man to pay for the sins of his grandfather; therefore

Resolved, That we demand the appointment of national boards of arbitration, who shall have power to adjust upon an equitable basis, all claims, demands and bonds held by individuals, and if found to have been paid in interest or principal over, the same shall be cancelled as against the nation; and if over-paid, then the parties shall be held debtors to the nation to that extent.

Attest, W. A. CANNETT, Pres.

G. W. MARSH, Sec.

CLIPPINGS.

An electric light of new invention has been put up in the tower of St. Ignatius College, San Francisco. The apparatus cost \$1,000, and weighs about as many pounds. It consists of a great number of coils of copper wire revolving close to magnets, in such a way that sparks of electricity are produced in passing through. These currents are concentrated and carried through heavy copper wires to the illuminating point in the tower, where the focus gives a light equal to four hundred gas jets.

"Laughter and grow fat" is quite a contemptible adage, and Sterne tells us that every time a man laughs he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher of the last century used to say that he not only liked to laugh himself, but to see and hear laughter. Laughter is good for health, a protracter to appetite and a friend of digestion. Dr. Mydenham said: "The arrival of a Merry Andrew in a town is more beneficial to the inhabitants than twenty names bound with medicines."

An instance of rare honesty, and showing how a dog may desire to pay his board bill, recently occurred in Fitchburg, Mass. A lady one day frequently about her house picking up odd bits which had been thrown out, and one day she called him in and fed him. The next day he came back, and as she opened the door he walked in and laid an egg on the floor, when he was again fed. The following day he brought his egg to pay for his dinner, and on the fourth day he brought the old hen herself, who, it seemed, had failed to furnish the required egg.

FIRST HUSBAND—"What was I up for, and what 'ave I got? Well, I 'saw'd a woman and took her watch, and I've got two years and a flaggng." Second husband—"Ah, I 'saw'd a woman out o' the top floor window; 'ow? I've only got three months." First husband—"Ah, but then she was yer wife."

A WOMAN'S VICTORY IN KANSAS.

BY J. H. COOK.

Dear Weekly—I cannot forbear giving you a brief sketch of an affair that has made much excitement and struck a strong and effective blow for justice and truth in this region. Mrs. F. A. F. Cook is a graduate of Dr. Trall's Hypo-therapeutic College of New York, with a practice of fifteen years. In the intensely cold January of 1873 she went to a cold, open house in the prairie, three miles from home, to doctor and nurse a widower and his three children sick with the smallpox. He had seen her treatment of a case, was highly pleased and told her if she would come and take care of him and his family she should be well paid. The man had been badly crippled by accident and was suffering from inguinal hernia. One daughter was very frail and consumptive. Under these circumstances Mrs. Cook went to this house and was there twenty-three days and nights without undressing or getting any sound sleep. (There were two beds and these occupied by the patients.) Two brothers of the sick man living near were afraid to go into the house, but would come within speaking distance, and were too penitent and cowardly to do much or provide much for its inmates. The man and his daughter died. He would have no other physician and none could have saved him. Mrs. Cook had but little help to lay out the dead and was almost dead herself. Her brothers did not come near when he was buried. The other two children recovered. She begged of them to let her go home to recuperate and save her own life, but no one said would go there, and so she staid and did what few women would have done. It would fill a volume to describe all she did and suffered.

One of the brothers was appalled administrator. Mrs. Cook only charged five dollars per day for her attendance upon the sick ones. The administrator offered her but two. The case was tried in the Probate Court and the Judge awarded her three dollars a day. She appealed to the District Court. She had all the doctors and nearly all the lawyers, and all the ignorance and prejudices of the people against her anti-poison, anti-drug treatment; had the combined influence of druggists and church and State against her, also the prejudices against her short dress which she has worn twenty years. She was kept out of court three terms and put to much trouble and expense by these brothers, who preferred to give their money to lawyers rather than pay her the one-third of what she ought to have had. At the last term of court I determined if possible to have the case tried, and employed the ablest lawyer in Southern Kansas. They tried their utmost to make out a case of mal-practice by perjured and interested witnesses, and by ridiculing and disparaging her school of practice, and calling her a murderer, daughter, etc., but the jury allowed her seven dollars and a half a day, and some wanted to give her eleven. Thus, at last, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," in a moral sense at least. We have established the fact that a woman has some legal rights, and that a man who employs a physician of any school thereby accepts his practice and must pay for it. Our lawyer showed up things in our case as ably as Brodie did in yours. As a climax to the whole affair, the spirits of the two deceased persons came while the jury were sitting, and, through a medium, confirmed all we had proved, condemned the course of the administrator, said they had been with us in the courtroom and with the jury, etc., etc. Our spirit said it was the greatest blow that was ever struck for equality and justice in this region.

NOTE 8.

BY J. H. COOK.

SEX IN EDUCATION.

I think we may well doubt whether a doctor who has no faith in "camping girls," can prove his claim to our respect for any of his talk about the sex. Is Dr. Clarke in league with Hollond and other literary men, who plainly tell us "woman is to be subjected"? Fall well those doctors know that if they can persuade girls to believe that only nautch-tasses romp; that the true type of womanhood is a very proper quiet person in corsets, narrow shoes and pinching gloves, and that she is inevitably sick, they will become as gaudily voluptuous as their lordships choose to say is best. If it be true, as Dr. Clarke avers, that under the present circumstances only the romping girls can live, the fact simply proves that nature is in earnest in her protest against prejudices which withdraws from girls the sturdy muscular development which as well as boys must have to support a vigorous, hard-working brain. Girls like as well as boys to leap fences, climb trees, swing on laces, row boats and roll down hill, and should be always dressed to be ready for such exercises, if we would have the merry laugh and bounding step and rosy cheek take the place of novel reading, languid movements and pale faces.

Girls have "learned the alphabet" and are thinking for themselves; it cannot now be very long before they don the short home jacket and long loose trousers, and we shall see to which they will take most kindly then, the doctor's doses or the blood-lapping romps. Of course the doctor will be shocked, and will be more than ever certain that the case is going to the bad from "non-selection of the litter."

The girls will be great gainers by the fair and vigorous exercise, and will hand Virgil and the solecistic sections with as much greater ease and safety as the boys are known to do for theirs.

The want of logic which enables Dr. Clarke to call "periodicity" sickness, at the same time that he pronounces it the "blood-tide" of a girl's being, is astonishing, to say the least. Women are accustomed to speak of menstruation at high-tide from consciousness of the increased physical and mental vigor which it brings; it is on the side of strength instead of weakness, and the healthy girl may safely count on her capacity for motherhood as a reserve fund of fulfilling power to outlast Dr. Clarke. That extensive and abnormal menstruation has its virtues among girls all are aware, and if the

doctor's book shall assure careful and humane treatment for these invalids it is well it has been written. The greater good, however, will be to rouse girls to a proper recognition of the implications that they are invalids because of sex, and set them conscientiously to work to correct such habits of bad eating, dressing, sleeping, bathing and staying in the house as keep them seemingly foolish and rob them of their natural heritage of perfect health and joy. During several years connection with different boarding-schools I noticed that girls suffered much more frequently from disordered menstruation in the schools which were exclusively for girls than where both sexes were together, and remember one case in which the months having disappeared during the school term, returned when the girl was restored to the society of her brothers.

A professor of mathematics in one of our Eastern colleges for boys, who previous to his connection with that institution had been instructing girls in higher mathematics, assured me that with one exception the best mathematical mind he had ever found had been among the girls; he said the ease and delight with which they "walked with him through calculus and mathematical astronomy made their instruction a very pleasure."

Habits of exact reasoning cannot be too early formed, and if there is in woman a natural capacity for their acquirement let it be all means be improved.

President White, of Cornell University, states that "the young women average about ten per cent. better on the examinations than do the young men, and present a less number of excuses on account of sickness. If that is true, with the great disadvantages of woman's dress against them, what might they not do with an equal chance?" The relative capacity of the sexes for continued mental work cannot be fairly estimated until they have equal opportunity for physical development, and this will never be until girls put on the trousers or lay go back to petticoats. A noble brain in a disordered body is like a well-constructed locomotive with a scant supply of fuel; the wheels may turn but it will hardly draw a heavy load.

How long would patrons of the turf retain their confidence in judges who would dare decide upon the relative capacity of horses, if he allowed one to be driven with blankets flying round his legs, tight leather straps about his ribs and heavy weights upon his loins? Woman suffers constantly from such impediments as these: she cannot breathe or walk or talk with freedom; her blood cannot circulate properly nor her brain work freely. Let us have at least the honesty and fairness of the race-course applied to the treatment of young men and women.

THE DRESS AND PHRASES.

A lady is reported as saying that the kind of dress reform she wants to see is "new dresses and more of them," which strikingly reminds me of what men say about temperance reform, that the kind they want to see is "more whisky and of better quality." Some women are as drunk with fashion as men are with liquor, but both are beginning to do sober thinking in their sober moments.

A correspondent asks if trousers suit the use of pregnant women. Most emphatically yes. If all other women pay the penalty of prejudice which shuts women from enjoyment of real outdoor life by reason of her dress, let not the expectant mother be so wronged. Too many invalids have been already born; let humanity have now a chance for physical improvement, and this can never be until woman is emancipated from her present style of dress. Corsets, bands, whalebones and skirts, binding, cramping, and down-dragging as they are, are as scandalous to all women, and are doubly fatal to the ones with child, since they invade the rights of two. There can be no reasonable question that much of the languor and debility which men seek to relieve by stimulants is caused by the pressure of corsets on the torso, and their interference with the mother's circulation and respiration. Women are thus making drunkards by the thousand, a work they ignorantly wade over when it is accomplished.

Prospective motherhood should have a conscientious care for the child it is developing, and society ought to respect its sacred trust. Free air and motion are indispensable to the development of healthy offspring, and they are not available to the wearer of a cramping dress. If any man believes that he can walk and work as well in skirts, let him wear them, but not ask women to.

I am asked how women are to conceal the fact of pregnancy if they wear trousers without skirts. That it should ever seem to need to be concealed is a fearful comment on our marriage system. That motherhood should ever come without woman's hearty purpose in its work is indeed a cause of shame, but motherhood itself can never be. The shield of matrimony feels a noble satisfaction in the successful progress of his work; how much more ought the expectant mother, enraptured of a richly-pulsing life, in the accomplishment of her task! Only love and hope and joy should be permitted to complete the work which sweetened love began. Most children are unwilling children, hence the possibility of shame to the first great wrong the mother adds the second of concealment by bad dressing, and the result is children of discontented spirits, clothed with maimed and suffering bodies.

I am asked whether it is not possible that the wearing of a dress which would excite derision on account of its unusualness would have a worse effect upon the unborn child than even hurtful clothing could. The case is surely wanting in ability to perceive truth while yet it is unapologetic, and needs nothing more than an infusion of sufficiency loyalty to its demands. Women who hold to truth will find it has no power, except to him. Who would not rather choose her virtue should be filled from the life-blood of a starved-free woman than a pampered, cowering slave?

All right-minded thinking men see and admit the need of purity by women; those who do not see the need, either have not thought or want to keep us sexual slaves. Even Worth, the world's great arbitor of fashion is humanely waiting to help women into pants.

JONAH WARREN.

Who gave the world the boldest thought,
That ever has by man been thought,
And set the pride of wealth at naught?
—Jonah Warren.

Who gave the purest instance best,
From glowing love in his own breast,
Which is to be by human love!
—Jonah Warren.

Who made the good of man his prey,
And did to all around devise,
The glory of a millionaire?
—Jonah Warren.

Who taught the best industrial law,
Which will not widen over sea,
That after him shall millions draw?
—Jonah Warren.

Who set the many laws aside,
And set for honest wealth provide,
By equity which man abhors?
—Jonah Warren.

Who taught the boys industrial play,
To live in health was their prize,
To light their steps in pleasant ways?
—Jonah Warren.

Who taught the rule in his own house,
To set the mind, and try the show,
And thus just morally rouse down?
—Jonah Warren.

Who made a heroic poet,
And taught his class the power of peace,
And made civilization strive to recover?
—Jonah Warren.

Who used to give when he might call,
& friendly trust in great or small,
Which said to me, "Never say at all!"
—Jonah Warren.

Who taught the fact that "Wicks by love"—
& whose recognition was his due?
Which speaks his name to nations above?
—Jonah Warren.

And now, when this his man is gone—
His true existence just begins—
The high cause that will live?
—The Millionaire, Boston, Mass.

COMMUNITY CIRCULAR No. 1.

To all earnest reformers, thinking men and women, who are striving to humanize morally, socially, religiously and politically man—and who can use freedom, not abusing it—and who have become fully satisfied that the present system of society is entirely inadequate to meet the wants of the most progressive minds of the age, this "Circular" is addressed, with an invitation to unite with us in an effort to establish a new order of industrial and social relations, founded upon the following general principles of equity and brotherhood:

1. Unity of interests, instead of "opposition of interests."
2. Community of property, instead of individual ownership.

3. Equal rights for all men, women and children.
4. Religious, political and social freedom, which we define as individual sovereignty, at the individual's own cost.

5. Government by "free criticism"—without compulsion and without arbitrary enactment, cultivating goodness by appealing to the good within the human spirit.

6. All labor to be voluntary, with choice of occupation, rendering it attractive by the most favorable conditions and pleasant associations—men and women engaging in the same pursuits, as far as practicable—enjoying equal reward.

7. Monarchical to depend upon character, adaptation and ability for usefulness, rather than upon money or any earthly possessions, but each contributing what they can in talent, in labor, in money, in property, or anything that can be utilized for the general good—all having an equal interest in the community, without reference to their material contributions to it.

8. The very best facilities for a thorough and integral education that the community can command will be guaranteed to every child and member of the society, including every species of healthful and pleasant recreation and amusement, rural and instrumental music, and everything that will make us healthy, happy, pure in body and spirit, doing good to all—as our interests being united, it will be our greatest pleasure to do.

9. We shall have no creed, constitution or by-laws, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, "allow not," but through the government of free criticism, change our methods and regulations in business, or in social relations, as increasing wisdom shows in a better way.

Our object in issuing this Circular is, first, to attract the attention of those who have grown to a recognition of the same necessities for a change in the foundation of governments and policies, inviting immediate correspondence, with a view to co-operation; and also to inform them that we have been offered an extraordinary opportunity to organize and establish a business which would centre in San Francisco and cannot fail of becoming very remunerative on condition that we make it the "nation's" and beginning of an organization for community life, to be established somewhere in the State of California, than which there is probably no place in the world combining so many favorable conditions.

The business referred to will be fully explained in Circular No. 2, but, for obvious reasons, we shall withhold it from general publication.

Let those who feel inspired with this "shadow" of coming events lose no time in communicating with us, and we will immediately forward to their address Circular No. 2, and they can act as a committee in their several localities to in-

terest, their acquaintances known to be favorable to our principles and ready to participate in our work.

All communications should be addressed to the Secretary of the Ceresco Community, San Francisco, Cal.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

Hold its annual session in New York in the week terminating May 23d. George W. Curtis was in the chair. Many subjects were discussed, financial, religious and social. From the reports of the same we make the following extracts. The first is from the address of President White, of Cornell University:

"There was more money invested in so-called colleges in this country than in all the great institutions of Germany, but they were nearly all petty sectarian establishments. If the money had been given for the endowment of one great university, to be conducted upon non-sectarian principles, no one could doubt that America would have an institution second to none. President White was entirely opposed to denominational colleges. Sectarian prejudices should be swept away, and students of all denominations obtain the higher branches of education from the same source. A public endowment, properly bestowed, gave method and direction to a hundred private gifts or legacies, which otherwise were irregularly given to a score of minor institutions, and, so scattered, lost all their utility. Thus one college had recently been given a magnificent telescope, which could not be used for want of an observatory, while another institution had a superb observatory without a telescope or any other instruments."

"Dr. Nathan Bishop did not think compulsory education would be successful. He spoke of what he called the street schools, academies where children learned to repeat a fearful catalogue of home suffering. The lessons thus learned were repeated to sympathetic listeners, not educated persons, but to warm-hearted servant girls, who believed every word they listened to, and gave alms to relieve suffering which had no existence."

As children and servants are both ostracized classes in our Republic, our readers, we trust, will excuse the insertion of the second extract.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S FINE REMITTED.

The House Committee on the Judiciary have made a report sustaining the petition of Susan B. Anthony, praying that the fine imposed upon her by the Circuit Court of the United States for the Northern District of New York, for the act of voting, be remitted, and have recommended the passage of a bill for that purpose.

CASUAL CONCEPTIONS.

All things possible are possible with God. God did not create matter out of nothing; therefore did not create it at all; nor was it created at all. If God had created matter, and imparted to it its peculiar character and qualities, he would be responsible for all that has occurred or can occur. The activity of matter and its forms only are attributable to him in natural conditions, and it was not possible with him to do any other thing with it than he has done and is doing in consequence, because of its uncreated inherent qualities of susceptibility and adaptability limiting him to possible uses. Matter, per se, is the opposite and negation of spirit, and although positive in its connection with spirit, in some unmeasured degree, is absolute with regard to its own undivided conditions—and this fact is the root and base of the ancient and still existing doctrine (so called) of total depravity.

All good, all power, all wisdom, and activity are attributable to spirit or God, and all opposite to matter, and in these are to be found the basic ideas of God and devil, of good and evil. Yet the status of matter may be so changed by the former as to impart to the latter the semblance of sublimity and importance, which, after all, only consist of the qualities above stated in activity. Matter is not a contributing power or existence in the universe, save as a means to an end. The close and deep thinker will find this even so, in his own sphere with regard to himself.

God is all in all, and I am nothing but clay in the hands of the potter, and this will be the dual experience of all—men, sooner or later; and then all egotism, self-conceit and importance will be crushed out of existence—men, men.

BRYAN, Huron Co., O., May 21, 1873.

LET 'EM VOTE.

The women want to vote.

I'm in favor of letting 'em do it.

The woes and hardships of women are terrible.

For thousands and thousands of uncounted years they've had a devil of a time. Nothing is good enough. Troubles and vexations are their portion; wretchedness and distress their lot.

Even the serpent in the garden had to go for the woman when he tried the little fruit dodge, and a nice mess they made of it.

What don't we owe to women?

If Eve hadn't eaten the apple, you and I might never have seen the light of the sun.

I wish to put on the round ax woman's right's man.

I had a woman for a mother and wouldn't have any thing else.

Candide induces me to admit that I voluntarily tied myself to a woman, for better, for worse, and here I am at half-past 12 o'clock working for her like thunder, while she, poor injured thing, sleeps the sleep of the peaceful and snores the snore of the just.

Woman has a hard time and has to bear a great deal. Also children.

And she has to put up with much.

She also puts up sweetmeats.

Business improves most women.

It makes their noses sharp.

It also helps their tempers and conducts a materially to clean.

skirts and stockings unspotted from the world.

A woman is vastly superior to a male pedagogue. She wears a thumb and knows the children over the head.

Women as sales ladies are a big thing.

They are generally all cheek.

Sometimes they develop an amount of sass and independence of most astounding proportions.

And she some castles in the "air," which are indeed a sight to behold.

I long to meet them on the pave, and am charmed when they sit behind me at the play.

Woman, lovely woman, what could we do without thee?

We wouldn't have any daughters, sweethearts or wives.

Or puddings.

Or boiled shirts or potatoes.

I'm going to have it rain like thunder next election day, and if my women folk want to go and vote, —

Go and vote they shall — but the carriage will be charged to me.

The dear creatures can talk the tail off from a stone monkey, but when it simmers down to "I want some money to-day, dear," and the man has to shell out, the theory partakes of a soap-bubble nature.

And, by the way, it's rather a curious fact that all the cash has to come from the men.

If there's any giving to be done, the men do it.

They give the house, the horses, the traps, the rhino and everything else.

The women, God bless 'em, give sass.

Let 'em vote.

If any female is anxious to pay my paper bills I'm ready to turn 'em over.

Show me the maiden who yearns to write my daily contributions—she shall do them if she can.

Who ever saw a man with a battle on his back and an ostrich feather in his hat?

And whenever saw a woman without both?

Women would make bully good soldiers.

They're as nice to discipline.

And they would look so sweetly in uniform—uniformly so.

Far be it from me to make fun of women.

I didn't.

A fact from my experience convinces me that the only way to manage women is to give them their own way—and then they don't want it.

If your wife wants to go to Europe, acquiesce at once and she won't go. But argue with her, show her that you can't afford it, and you value such an amount of feminine pleasure in her boozing bout as all the water this side the Euphrates can't quench.

Does she want to vote?

She thinks she does, but she doesn't.

Give her the chance. Let her vote. Take no notice of it, and ten to one she'll be sick of it on the instant.

Opposition does no good. If the lady yells like a coyote in the middle of the night, make believe you're going to go up to take care of it, and the good lady will insist upon your returning to bed. But if you pay no attention to the lady's cry, and actually permit the partner of your joys to go off alone, ten chances to one she'll call you a brute, snarl the infant over the jowls, wishes she'd never seen you, and consigns you to the Court of Hades below.

Why they start in when they are babies.

They're.

Put a hot teapot on the table, and tell the baby she mustn't touch it. Is less than ten minutes she'll turn her fingers.

If, on the other hand, you give her full permission to handle a hot teapot, she won't touch it, and you can't make her.

Quaker, isn't it?

Perhaps they'd like to be single drivers. And wouldn't the horses be happy. They'd be jerked into the saddle of next week before they had tried a block.

I think those irresponsible women would do well as juries, especially in breaches of promise, and cases calling for damages.

If I were a lawyer I'd be perfectly delighted to plead before a jury of women.

How a fellow could flatter 'em. They'd take it all in, and then decide against me every time, just for spite.

I know 'em.

Think of the great women in history, from Eve to Mrs. Stowe. Don't you remember Habbah? Of course you do. And Ruth and Jezebel and Herodias the Tetrarch and Salome? And Joan of Arc, Mary Magdalene, the Scarlet Woman and Jeany Jane? Why not?

I know lots of 'em, and I never saw one yet who didn't think more of a woman than a fellow.

Take Hercules for example.

Would he give Fred (right) his horns and hand?

I guess not.

But he was glad enough to give them to Fred's sister.

OK, let 'em vote.

Voting may be a curse for all these lit.

It's contagious then if we don't let them have the curse.

I'd say more on the subject if I had time.

I haven't.

I want time too.

Most men do.

It's late. You just got returned from making up your bill for the last couple, whose "affair" (again) is to bind Britain and this blotted hand (right) tightly together.

Grant and I got right together. Fred, and liked it so much that we induced the committee to follow suit.

Hence the alliance.

We have arranged for July 4, 1877, plenary passage for the young couple.

They are to have uninterrupted all the time.

And an occasional basis.

The Captain will stop the working of the propeller every evening, so that there shall be no jar when they go to sleep.

The sailors will delay their papers. The cook will defer his glee at 4 o'clock. And the "members of our representative Fifth Avenue family," described in the *Mongrel*, will

softly close their lips. No snobbishness will be allowed on board; it must all be done over the stern. For once the steamer will be all ours.

I rather like Mr. Bartoris.

He says that although he is an Englishman he is convinced that in Union there is bliss.

So there is.

Let 'em vote. — M. T. Jugg, N. F. Star.

"KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP."

There has something ever wrong,

My love say, it appears,

For I see your proud struggle

To keep back the tears.

That is right. When you cannot

Give trouble the slip.

There bear it, still keeping

"A stiff upper lip."

Though you cannot escape

Disappointment and so on;

The next best thing to do

Is to have love in heart.

If when life's pains

You're running, you trip,

Get up—start again,

"Keep a stiff upper lip."

Let your hands and pure conscience

Be honest and clean;

Never in touch or in think of

The thing that is mean;

that hold on to the poor

And the right with firm grip,

And though hard on the task,

"Keep a stiff upper lip."

Through childhood, through manhood,

Through life to the end,

Through trouble and stand;

By poor colors, and blood

Only paid when you went,

Never "give up the ship."

Run right on to the last

With "a stiff upper lip."

THAT INCREDIBLE TREE STORY.

EDITORS OF THE WEEKLY.

Ordinary readers are like Falstaff, they want "milk over mince pie." When they put their feet upon the towel rack and quaff from what has so far been a nutritious cup, they hath an instant habit of believing its contents pure and drinking without examination. Such readers are generally roused upon discovering they have been drinking "lime in their sack."

I once swallowed two columns of a New York *World*, whose style led me to expect an important disclosure from the scientific world. Then the joke appeared, and it was announced that the amateur brewer's bottles were carefully put into the lawfully educated soldier's skull, and upon sipping a "garrison beer" the soldier's organs of speech began talking of lower ingredients, &c., &c.

Now, if I were an extraordinarily reader and knew volumes of botany or had botanical literature to go to from, I would consider it a task herculean to prove a negative, such as: There is no such tree! If I failed I would suffer disappointment as well as blame. If I succeeded I would be laughed at for taking so much pains with a mere joke.

I rest myself upon the fact that the *New York World* has a writer "smart" enough to understand the methods of investigation, their language and speech of their lore, but who makes no better use of those advantages than to tickle a few amateur minds at the expense of wasting the time of others while misleading altogether the young and immature. Let some one prove this affirmative, that the half skeptical half corroborative W. Merton (author of *Highwaymen*) has those wonders in his possession, and I will get off of my easy chair and begin to investigate.

JASPER.

MRS. WOODHULL IN SALT LAKE CITY.

SALT LAKE CITY, May 11, 1874.

Editors Weekly—Our city has been in a high state of excitement for two weeks past, by the arrival of the Woodhulls among us. First came Teunis Collins, who was well pleased with our people and surroundings, and the good prospect of a brilliant reception for Victoria. Teunis made arrangements for the theatre at the earliest day it could be had, Tuesday 12th, for Victoria's lecture, and then assayed himself in calling on our citizens to subscribe to the *Weekly*, communicating with President Young, and getting the name of every one she approached; she is just tremendous in that line, and I judge she is the same in everything she undertakes to manage.

Victoria came in Saturday evening, and thus had an opportunity of attending the closing services of the semi-annual convention of the Saints in the great Tabernacle, on Sunday the 20th. Although Victoria tried to be somewhat exclusive she could not avoid being overrun with company, and everyone who met her cast away suspicion that she was secretly in earnest in the great cause of perfect freedom.

On Tuesday evening our large theatre was crowded with intelligent and respectable as an audience as ever gathered inside that building, and to almost breathless silence listened to her grand lecture—*"Revolution or Reformation."* Which? Occasionally long continued cheers would ring out some of her brilliant points, and when the audience dispersed, expressions of admiration and satisfaction could be heard on every side. On the following evening she gave an intensely interesting lecture in the Liberal Institute building, and after the lecture, almost the entire audience crowded around the platform, to obtain sets of her speeches to read at home and interests among their acquaintances. All seemed to feel that Victoria had uttered important and valuable truths, which should be heard by every one per-

in our land—truths which heretofore have been kept in the background, in fact totally ignored.

The world owes her a great debt, for by her persistent exertions, as a terrible sacrifice of peace, comfort, money and almost life, the vitally important subject of sexology is now occupying the thoughts of nearly the entire intelligent portion of society.

Please pray that she may be as successful wherever she goes as in our city.

Yours respectfully,

T.

Redwood, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Dear Sisters—Far away from your busy city, in a conservative town in Northern New York, we, a "romantic" weak and small, send you greeting. We have followed you anxiously yet ever hopefully through all your trials and persecutions, and now that you are vindicated we rejoice with all friends of truth and justice at the glad tidings.

As I said, we live in a conservative town. I can see from where I write four tall spires pointing to that heaven so far away from the hearts of its people. Spiritualism is here little known and less understood, but that does not save its followers from persecution and misrepresentation by any means. We meet them on every hand, just as the followers of right ever have and ever will when they seek to overthrow error, priesthood and hypocrisy.

Over two years ago a kind friend sent me your inestimable paper, of which I have since been a constant reader and warm admirer; and I send them broadsides, where I know they would not otherwise be known on their own merits.

We feel we have done the cause as well as themselves a great injury in the course taken in regard to the so-called Woodhullites. We are ashamed to have outsiders know there are any who advocate our beautiful philosophy, so full of love and charity for all, who will stoop to such vice-pronation and abuse as have the opponents of Social Freedom. Were those who denominate themselves conservatives actuated by the right spirit, they would endeavor by sound argument and logical proofs to show the radicals their danger; but instead of this, the spirit of malice and envy is too apparent to a careful observer not to disclose the ruling motive. Did they see themselves as others see them, I am sure they would desist or resort to a more honorable method, if sincere, to defend what they claim to be the better way. But let us hope that they will yet ascend so much above their present condition as to be able to distinguish the difference between free love and free lust, for as strong folly is for those of full growth so are your ideas in advance of minds governed by low and groveling propensities.

Go on, dear friends, in the way appointed for you. Bear the banner under which you fight to the summit, and when you have gained the victory fall and complete over sin and death, may the angels and the ascended millions greet and reward you in that realm of love and peace—the land of the soul.

Mrs. A. J. CULZ.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

W. H. HUME, Associate Editor of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, is prepared to deliver lectures on Radical Spiritualism, and on all the reforms of which it is the base. For further particulars, list of lectures, etc., address box 379 New York City.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS.

This truly gifted healer, who has gained such a wide popularity in the last few years, is now permanently located at Vineland, N. J. For those who are unable to visit the Doctor in person, it would be well to send \$1 for his Magazine of Pellets. We could fill columns with accounts of cures performed through the agency of these Pellets. The attention of the afflicted who swallow bottles after bottles of poisonous drugs without experiencing relief is called to these simple, but efficacious remedies.

NELLIE L. DAVIS

Will speak in Syracuse, N. Y., June 7; in Waverly, June 14; in Bay City, Mich., during September. Address 225 Washington street, Salem, Mass.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD

Will lecture in Putnam, Conn., during June. Would like to make other engagements. Address for June, Putnam, Conn. Permanent address, Greenwich Village, Mass.

THAT staunch and able advocate of Freedom, Our Age, Battle Creek, Mich., will be sent ten numbers for 25c, to trial subscribers. Send for it; you will get twice your money's worth.

NOTICE.

Celebration on the 4th day of July, by the Spiritualists and Naturalists, at Eden Mills, Vt. Oration by the gifted orator, Mrs. Emma L. Paul, of Stowe. Dance to commence at four o'clock P. M., in William Scott's Hall. A general invitation to mediums and all concerned to attend.

SARAH SCOTT (for the Committee).

The legal rate of postage on the WEEKLY, addressed to regular subscribers, is twenty cents per annum, or five cents per quarter, payable in advance. Subscribers who receive their copies by letter-carriers will please hand the annual or quarterly postage to carriers, taking their receipts. If any higher rates are demanded, report the facts to the local Postmaster. The postage on copies directed to subscribers in New York city has been prepaid by the publishers.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE TENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS. 12m, pp. 268. THE ELIXIR OF LIFE; OR, WHY DO WE DIE? TWO, pp. 32. AN ORATION delivered before the above-named CONVENTION, AT GROU'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, BY VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, September 18, 1873.

The above "Report of the Proceedings of the Tenth Annual Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists," is an accurate and impartial account of what was said and done at the above convention. The speeches are presented to the public word for word as they came to us from the hands of the able reporter employed by the convention. The orations of the members, on both sides, discussing the question of "Free Love," or rather "Paramour Sovereignty," are worthy of the serious attention not only of all Spiritualists but of the community at large.

In proof that we have not overstated the merits of the work, we respectfully submit the generous testimony of Judge Edmund S. Holbrook, who so ably defended the position of the conservative Spiritualists at the above convention:

"I have seen the report you have published of the doings and sayings of the Chicago Convention, and I take pleasure in saying that, in the publication of such a report, so full, so accurate and impartial as it is, you have done a work worthy of high commendation. Some could not be at this convention, either for want of time or means; but now, such of them as may choose to read, can almost imagine that they were there; and though they may not attain whatever there may be in personal presence, in the eye, and the ear, and in soul-communion, yet whatever of principle has been evolved—they may well discover and understand; and also, as I suppose, they may profit thereby."

Price of the "Proceedings" and the "Elixir of Life" 50 cents; or the "Elixir of Life" alone 25 c. m. Orders for the same addressed to WOODHULL & CO., P. O. box 379, will be promptly filled.

The First Primary Council, Boston, of the Universal Association of Spiritualists, meets every Thursday evening, at Harmony Hall, 18½ c. -lystion street. First-class lectures every Sunday afternoon and evening. Seats free.

JOHN HANER, Cor. Sec'y.

THE WORD.

A Monthly Journal of Reform—Regarding the subjection of Labor, of Woman, and the Prevalece of War as unnatural evils, induced by false claims to obedience and service; favors the Abolition of the Slave, of Property in Land and its kindred resources, of speculative income and all other means whereby Intrusion acquires wealth and power at the expense of Useful People. Since labor is the source of wealth, and creates all value actually vendible, the Word (not by restrictive methods, but through Liberaton and Reciprocity) seeks the extinction of interest, rent, dividends and profit, except as they represent work done; the abolition of railway, telegraphic, banking, trades union and other corporations charging more than actual cost for values furnished, and the repudiation of all so-called debts, the principal whereof has been paid in the form of interest.

E. H. Harwood, Editor.

Terms—50c. annually in advance.
Address The Word, Princeton, Mass.

DR. SLADE, the eminent Test Medium, may be found at his office, No. 25 East Twenty-first street near Broadway

DR. J. K. COONLEY is speaking and healing in Newark, N. J., the present month, and can be addressed at 27 Mulberry street, that city.

CAUTION.—Heavy penalties are attached to photographing or otherwise copying, selling, or offering for sale, copies from our steel-plate engravings, "The Dawning Light," "The Orphan's Rescue," "Life's Morning and Evening," etc. Any one furnishing us with information of such violation of copyright law and our moral rights will receive our thanks and be rewarded. For circulars, prices and club rates, address at 25 School street, Boston, Mass., H. H. Curran & Co.

In consequence of bad health, D. W. Hall is compelled to give up his room for the treatment of patients in Chicago. He will again take the lecture-field, and is ready to answer calls to any part of the country. Address 149 West Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

JOSEPH JOHN'S GREAT WORKS OF ART, engraved on steel, "The Orphan's Rescue," price 25c; "The Dawning Light," with map of Hydeville, 25c; "Life's Morning and Evening," 25, or the three pictures to one address, 25c; are mailed to any part of the United States, postage free. Warranted safely through and satisfaction guaranteed on receipt of price above specified in post office order or registered letter at risk. Club rates given on application. Address R. H. Curran & Co., Publisher, 25 School street, Boston, Mass.

FREE COUNCIL.

The First Religious-Philosophical Society of Hildesheim, Mich., will hold their eighth annual council on Saturday and Sunday, June 20 and 21, 1874, at Camden Station, on the Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw R. R. Benjamin and Marion Todd, Lois Wistrecker and other able speakers are engaged. The Camden river band and choir will enliven the meeting with choirs made. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend, and here the social and religious shame, political conspiracies and financial frauds of the day freely ventilated from a free platform. Refreshments will be furnished by the society in the grove. Friends from a distance will be provided for to the extent of ourability.

WILLIAM BRYAN, President.

M. MORSE, Secretary.

FARMINGTON, Mich., May, 1874.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Farmington, Michigan, will hold their Eighth Annual Meeting in the Union Church in Farmington, Saturday, the 4th and 5th of July, 1874, commencing Saturday at 2 o'clock, P. M. Good speakers will be in attendance. Also, the Quarterly Meeting of the Oakland County Circle will be held in connection with the yearly meeting. A general invitation is hereby extended to all. Our platform is free. Houses will be provided for those from a distance.

NORTON LAPLACE, President.

E. L. ROBERTS, Our Secretary.

THE next quarterly meeting of the Henry County, Illinois, Association of Spiritualists, will be held in Cambridge, June 27 and 28, 1874. T. R. Taylor will speak before the Association.

JOHN M. FOILETT, Secretary.

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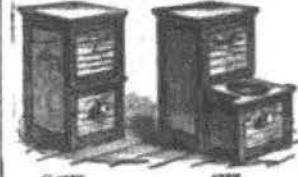
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